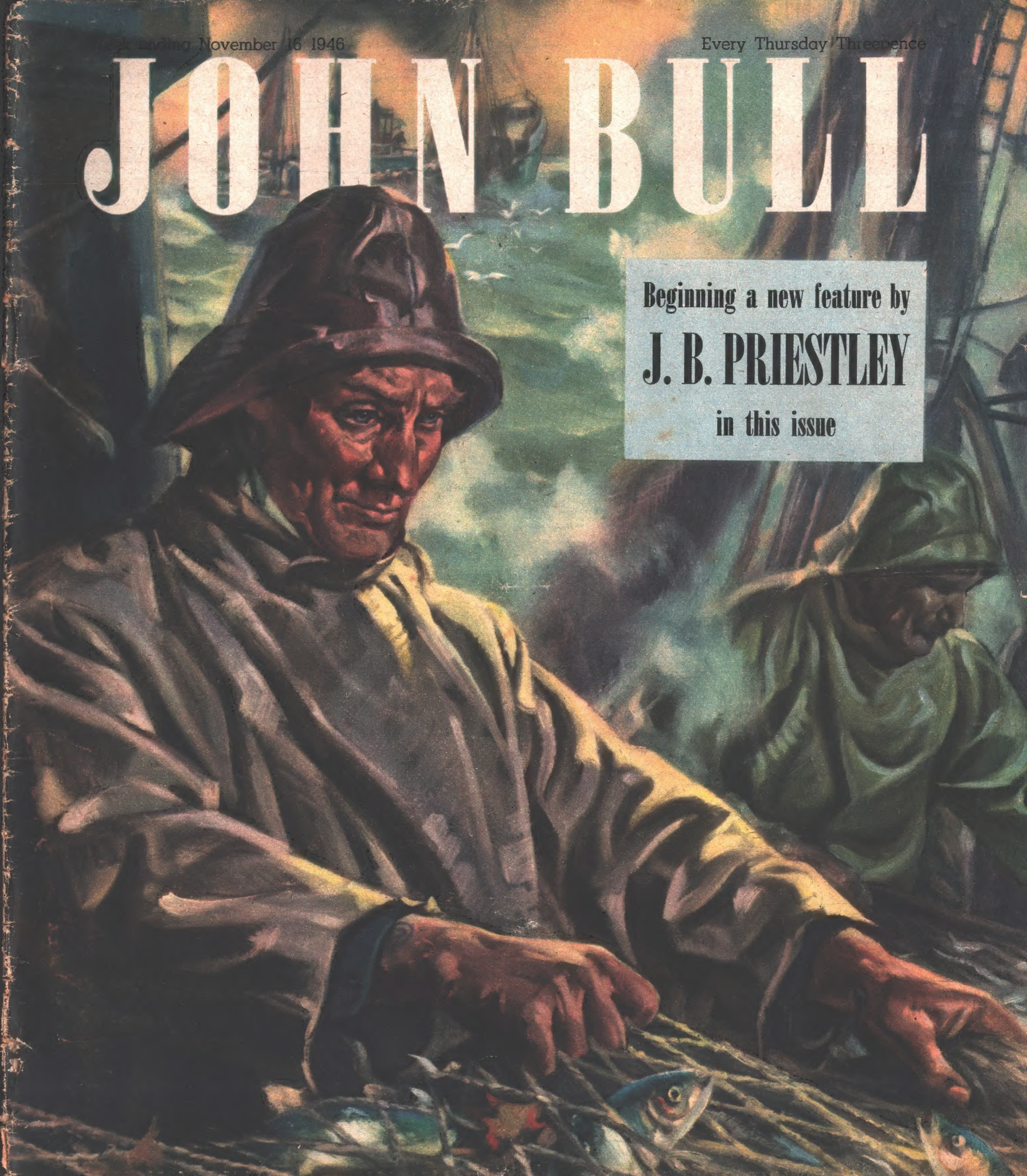
Ending November 16 1946 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



Beginning a new feature by

J. B. PRIESTLEY

in this issue

WHAT EXPORTS *MEAN TO US*

The more we send abroad

the more we can bring in

We all want to see the shops full again, and the goods on the shelves for everyone to buy without restriction. What does that depend on? It depends on ships going out all over the world carrying British goods for export. The money we are paid for our exports enables us to buy in the overseas markets the food and raw materials which we lack ourselves. Pottery sent to Canada, for instance, means bacon for us, and wheat and timber. Only by producing and exporting more can we pay for the imports on which our recovery depends.

FILL THE SHIPS and we shall FILL THE SHOPS

Issued by the Board of Trade.

The room that housewives are so particular about

Nowadays, five out of ten women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose. (In America, this figure is even higher.) The reason is that it cleans and disinfects the whole pan. Harpic not only whitens the bowl (the part you can see) but also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic kills germs, leaves the whole pan clean and sanitary.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole pan is then sweet and clean — the part you don't see, as well!

HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER

Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME...

Time is vital. Successful treatment of Cancer depends on early diagnosis. At the first sign of a lump or growth SEE your doctor at once.

CHRISTIE HOSPITAL AND HOLT RADIUM INSTITUTE
MANCHESTER, 20

Rid your household of insects by sprinkling their runs with Pestroy powder. Containing DDT in correct proportion with other toxic ingredients, Pestroy is a most powerful insecticide for all domestic purposes, and can safely be used on dogs, cats and birds. Obtainable from chemists and corn merchants; in drums 9d. and 2/-. Made by Bob Martin Ltd.

PESTROY

THE HOUSEHOLD INSECT KILLER

Buy Your Xmas Presents NOW

KIDDIES TRICYCLES

Very strongly made. Excellently finished

With Rubber Tyred Disc Wheels, Rubber Handle Grips and Pedals. Made to withstand hard usage and give real satisfaction and safety.

50/- Carr. Paid

Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed and Treasury Notes registered.

MIDDLE TRADING CO.
(Dept. 2) 2 MIDDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.1

The Reliable Tonic

Famous for over forty years

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women, and Children. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, incl. Purchase Tax.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark

RIZLA *News Bulletin*

CIGARETTE PAPERS

From the 1st June, 1946, the official price of Rizla Cigarette Papers is:

PER 1½D PKT. (incl. P. Tax)

NOTICE TO USERS OF RIZLA CIGARETTE MACHINES

Why not fit one of the new Seamless Plastic Bands to your old machine and make it like new? Easily cleaned and practically everlasting. Price 2d. each.

FILTER TIPS

Have you tried the NEW TYPE easy-drawing tips? A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make about 24 cigarettes and costs only 4½d. Get some Today.

(Retailers ask your wholesaler for supplies.)

Obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, and all good-class Chemists

Why not qualify NOW for one of these

WELL-PAID CAREERS

IN COMMERCE AND PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT

During the early post-war years thousands of firms will be developing plans for expansion. Hundreds of new firms will come into being. The demand for qualified men—and women—to fill KEY positions will be greater than at any time in the past. Here is your opportunity to secure a higher, well paid, progressive position. You can qualify by interesting spare-time home study for one of these KEY positions. Send the coupon TODAY.

Accountancy — Secretaryship — Personnel Management—Works Management—Production Control Manager—Time and Motion Study Engineer—Costing — Foremanship — Draughtsmanship—Sales Management—Export—Salesmanship—Civil Service: also Matriculation.

POST THIS COUPON

Please send free details of:—

Name.....

Address.....

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WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE Ltd.
DEPT. 53B, 8 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1

CHARACTER—
CAPACITY—
CAPITAL

These are at the root of banking, and greatest among them is character.

Men and women of integrity and capability will always find the Bank ready to assist them. They are assured of a welcome and the sympathetic consideration of their proposals at more than 1800 branches of the Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

I'm growing up the WRIGHT *way*

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP — PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

Curtains WITHOUT Coupons

Good, strong, hard-wearing curtains—in Transparent, Saxe Blue, Light Blue, Light Green, Orange, Light Yellow, Rose Pink, Navy Blue, can be made with Mayfair Plastic Cloth—tested for "resistance" and durability. Also ideal for making raincoats, tablecloths, aprons, lamp-shades, sponge bags, pixie hoods, etc. Width 36 in., 7/6 per yd. including Purchase Tax. 5-yd. lengths (enough for raincoat), 35/- post free. New patterned Plastic Cloth 9/- per yd., 5 yd. 42/6. Cash with order. Send 2½d. for samples.

PERSPEX CIGARETTE BOX

For desk or drawing room, size 4½ in. x 2½ in., holds 40, 21/3 including Purchase Tax. Postage free.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS

Dept. (D.11), 7 Railway Approach, London Bridge, S.E.1

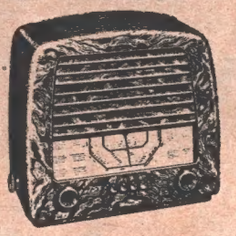
DUNLOP

Still

the standard by which all tyres are judged

6H/306

THANKS FOR THE APPLAUSE!



We knew listeners would like our 5-valve all-wave superhet receiver, and we were right! Although supplies are limited this set is well worth a little patience . . . a first-rate all-rounder, with particularly fine quality and good short wave sensitivity.

G.E.C.

MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO & TELEVISION

Prices of the radio receiver illustrated above:

AC MODEL £15.15 (plus £3.7.9 purchase tax)

AC/DC MODEL £16.16 (plus £3.12.3 purchase tax)

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

How to treat a

CUT BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER

1. *Cleanse the area thoroughly and dry.*
2. *Select an Elastoplast dressing of suitable size: remove protective muslin.*
3. *Without touching antiseptic pad, place it on cut, slightly stretching dressing from the palm towards the back of hand.*
4. *Finally, press down adhesive edges.*

The wound is now comfortably and securely protected, whilst the dressing, being *elastic* allows the joints to move freely. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt see your doctor.

Elastoplast TRADE MARK

FIRST AID DRESSINGS in the RED TINS 6d & 1/- from Chemists

A Product of T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull

From

HEAD TO FOOT

Beaucaire

The Superb Dry Cleaner

keeps clothes smart and clean

From stores, drapers ironmongers and chemists

PRICE

1/-, 2/- AND 5/- PER BOTTLE

Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8

"WHERE'S YOUR *magnesia smile*, UNCLE?"

"—Meaning? . . ."

"Why, don't you know? It's the smile Mum says I've always got when I clean my teeth twice a day."

Only the use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia can give you the *Magnesia Smile*—it is the one toothpaste containing *'Milk of Magnesia,' which dentists advise to check the action of mouth-acid—often the cause of dental decay.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

THE perfected SHAVE

Brylshave brings you *perfect* shaving. Brushless; without sting or razor scrape. Smooth, quick, very, very comfortable—barber-like! No razor clog. Special emollients leave the skin soft and refreshed. Try this new comfort shaving that Brylshave brings to one and all. 1/9 a jar (including purchase tax).

BRUSHLESS

Brylshave

"VERY, VERY COMFORTABLE"

Made by the makers of BRYLCREEM

BS8 rovds

THERE'S ONLY ONE

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REG.

It's the same the whole world over—the same refreshing drink that millions of people have enjoyed for over fifty years. And just as soon as you are free to choose your soft drink by *name*, you will be able to ask for 'Coca-Cola' when you want it—and get it.

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

The registered trade marks "Coca-Cola" and "Coke" distinguish the product of The Coca-Cola Co. Ltd.

The Coca-Cola Company Ltd., Southfield Road, London, W.4

CVS-14

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN
LONDON W.C.1
TEMPLE BAR 2468

NOVEMBER 16 1946
VOLUME 80 NUMBER 2109

Our Fascists are No Joke

MUST SIR OSWALD MOSLEY and his associates be allowed to continue their hateful activities?

"Yes," says the Home Secretary, in effect, "as long as they do not cause a breach of the peace."

"No!" cry many Britons, including Members of Parliament, who are still not satisfied that anybody who stands for the ideas against which the war was fought should now enjoy the freedom of speech which we preserved at such cost.

Let us recognize that Mr. Ede and the Cabinet behind him are on firm legal ground. If this is a free country, then even the most unpopular views may be freely expressed.

There is, then, a contradiction here between law and the national conscience. That contradiction can only be resolved by altering the law.

There is one aspect of Fascist activity which more than any other arouses the distaste of the people of Britain. Anti-racial agitation. Anti-Semitism. The old "Nordic supremacy" stuff.

Fascism has no practical policy (apart from unbridled power for its gang leaders). It can only win mass support by the most debased form of rabble-rousing—the persecution of minorities.

Let's deprive it of that possibility. Let's make anti-racial agitation an offence in law—like treason. Apart from that, allow the Fascists full freedom to propagate their barren politics, while remaining vigilant in defence of our own conception of freedom.

One thing we must never do.

That is to find something ludicrous, amusing, absurd, in the Fascist mumbo-jumbo of anthems, salutes, and secret initiation. The German funny papers were once full of jokes about the comic corporal. The Italian cartoonists and witty writers had a field day when Mussolini was trying to establish himself.

But the jokes stopped abruptly when the caster-oil was produced. And the witty drawings didn't look quite so funny in Dachau.

This Job is Urgent

THERE IS GRAVE public worry over the prospect of more sudden, unheralded cuts in electricity supply if the fuel shortage continues, as it almost certainly will, during the winter.

The fact that an "overload" suddenly develops at a peak hour of the day, usually in the morning, has several times recently caused current in London and other cities to be cut off without warning. People have had to go to work without hot breakfasts; lighting has failed; radios have been silenced.

There may be good technical reasons for thus interrupting the supply, even if the Government's reported plans for rationing non-essential industries are put into operation.

In fact, it has already been stated on behalf of the power companies that their present plant is inadequate yet cannot immediately be replaced.

If that is the case, then, in the interests both of fuel-saving and the long-suffering public, a great effort must be made to build new plant quickly.

It must become a first priority—because we cannot go on indefinitely suffering the inconvenience and hardship of an erratic electricity supply—which fails, moreover, precisely on those cold dark mornings when it is needed most.

Get the new plant installed as soon as possible, and let there be light and power for the people at the least expenditure of precious fuel!

Unemployed—Whose Fault?

CONGRATULATIONS TO Jim Griffiths, Minister of National Insurance, on a good deed for the unemployed.

He has promised to hasten into practice the provisions of the new Act whereby he can go on paying benefit after a man's normal period has run out—and without a means test.

Ethically, if not financially, it is a cruel anomaly that unemployment benefit should carry any time limit. It is especially cruel when the nation is running on a policy of full employment with a chronic shortage of both manpower and woman-power.

This means that unemployment has become transitional. It is the outcome, not of any general shortage of work, but of changes, hitches and adjustments in the overall planning of industry.

In these circumstances, it is more than ever the duty of the employed community to support the minority which is temporarily workless for reasons necessitated by the common good. And to support them, moreover, without humiliating inquisitions into their private lives and past earnings.

A time of general high wages, too, is no time to chisel on the maintenance of those who are waiting for an opportunity to earn wages themselves.

Therefore we welcome a notable act of justice.

Why We Gamble So Much

LET US BE HONEST and neither hysterical nor pharisaical about the present enormous increase in all kinds of gambling.

True, the tote, the dogs and the pools have never attracted more money. True, this money is largely wasted by those who pay it out. True, betting is a bad habit which can, if persistently over-indulged, lead to much misery.

The intentions of the noted Church leaders and others who protest against the gambling craze are reasonable, indeed. But they must remember not to denounce everybody who bets as a weakling, a wastrel or a criminal.

They must look into the human motives behind the craze, make allowances accordingly, and not despair of their erring fellow-countrymen.

One powerful motive for gambling is the inevitable after-war craving for excitement. "Last time" we had the Bright Young People and a decade which earned itself the name of the Naughty 'Twenties.

"This time," because austerity continues in daily life, much of this mainly harmless and understandable spirit finds expression in gambling.

Then, too, gambling will always spread when high wages are combined with shortage of goods to spend them on.

As the shops fill up and when rationing is diminished or ended, this gambling craze will die down. The British character is still a good one—never better than after the supreme test of the last six years!

Meanwhile, if the new National Savings campaign is pressed on ceaselessly and vigorously, much betting money can yet be diverted to constructive purposes.

the cover

"They go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters"—and very often Miguel Mackinlay, this week's cover artist, slips off to a Cornish village and goes out in the little ships on all-night fishing expeditions. It was during one of these trips that he sketched "The Fishing Fleet." The painting completely captures the sense of drama that exists when men accept the age-old challenge of the sea. Widely-travelled Mackinlay was born in Old Castile, the son of a Scots engineer. In Valencia, at the age of twelve, he started modelling in clay. The family moved to Australia. Later, Mackinlay came to Europe to study painting. His pictures have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, New English Art Club, London Group and in Paris and New York.

STOLEN HAPPINESS

It is really bedtime. You lie back in your chair, listening to the flutter of flames in the hearth, the slow tick of the clock. How precious such stolen minutes are! As you sip your Horlicks, tension and strain slip from you. Tonight you will sleep. And tomorrow you will wake refreshed.

We regret that Horlicks is still not plentiful.

HORLICKS

Cow & Gate of course!

Ready for Anything

He is the centre of attraction wherever he goes.

His clear skin, bright eyes, and his happy smile are a joy to all.

His mother made the wise choice of feeding him on Cow & Gate.

Send threepence in stamps to COW & GATE LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Guildford, Surrey, for pattern of this attractive cap.

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

Foster Clark on the label—

. . . tastier soup on the table

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

for flavouring any meat dish as well as making nourishing soup

---

'Make the most of each loaf'

HOVIS

for HEALTH & VIGOUR

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Children's parties and grown-ups' occasions alike call for delicious 'Dairy' Brand fruit flavoured Junkets with festive toppings. Easy-to-make—delicately coloured—appetising—they take only a few minutes and provide nourishment as well as pleasure. Powder for six pint junkets in 9d. tubes—points free—six fruit flavours. Product of R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd. (Est. 1785).

'DAIRY' BRAND JUNKET POWDER

Recipe leaflets from G. HAVINDEN LTD., 71 BAKER STREET, W.1

We want more FLAVOUR

Well, we are promised more variety in our diet, and particularly canned fruits. Let's hope they'll include DEL MONTE for then you can enjoy flavour that's sheer delight. Flavour "grown to order" in the fruits you love — from exquisite DEL MONTE Pears and Apricots to gorgeous DEL MONTE Peaches and Pineapple — canned the DEL MONTE way which brings you their fine natural flavour intact.

Take note of the name: DEL MONTE — the Brand that *puts flavour first.*

MOCHA PUDDING

A flavour hint to help whilst you are waiting for DEL MONTE. It's for a steamed pudding. Mix your dry ingredients as usual, but for your mixing liquid use a blend of half milk and half coffee essence. Steam for 1½ hrs. or more according to size. Serve hot with sauce.

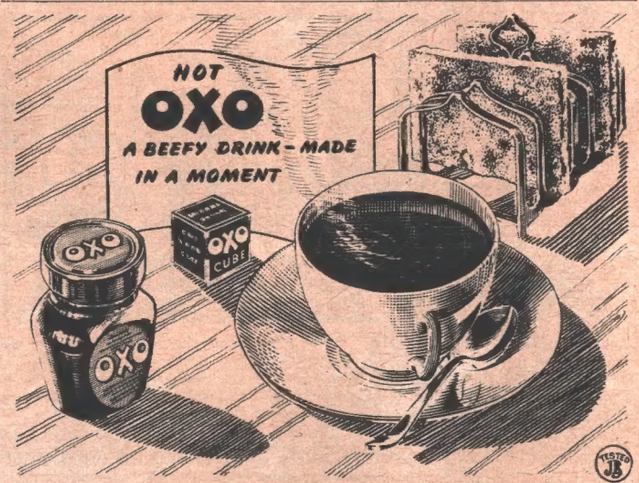
DEL MONTE CANNED FRUIT, ASPARAGUS, ALASKA SALMON, COFFEE, ETC.

British Sales Ltd., Adelaide House, London Bridge, E.C.4 (UK577F)

BUY BOTTLED VINEGAR

BUY CHAMPION'S

THE BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR



WINCARNIS — THE WINE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"My—they're Good!"

Cakes made with **Master Mix** always get an encore

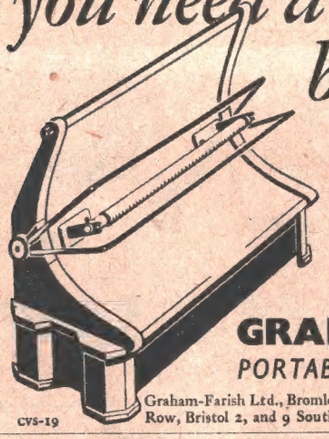
Cakes and goodies made with Marshall's **Master Mix** are really wonderful. It makes good cooking easy and only 4½d. a ½lb. packet.

Your Grocer Knows.

Marshalls MASTER MIX

London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast

you need a new fire but



take care of your old one, for it may be a little while before you can buy a new Graham-Farish fire. Supplies are still *very* limited. This model is the 'Swift' (with polished aluminium reflector) and costs only 23/6. Ask your retailer to put you on his waiting list now.

GRAHAM-FARISH

PORTABLE ELECTRIC FIRES

Graham-Farish Ltd., Bromley, Kent. Branches at Perry Road, Park Row, Bristol 2, and 9 South King Street, Deansgate, Manchester

CVS-19

Now only one minute to cook

During the weaning period, mother is often worrying and always hurrying. If she weans her baby on Robinson's 'Patent' Groats she need not worry about his weight, and she will be grateful for an improved milling process which enables her to cook the Groats in *just one minute.*

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of infants entitled "Steps to Health," if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson & Co. Ltd., Dept. DZ68, Norwich.

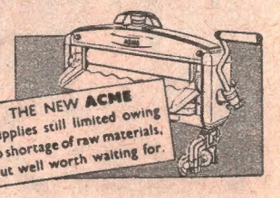
CVS-68

YOU NEED AN ACME WRINGER, MRS. JONES!

Mrs. Jones washes for five people, two grownups, two school children, one baby—everything, every week. Heavy jerseys, flannel shorts, gym tunics, men's pyjamas and shirts—she wrings them all wearisomely by hand. "It's real hard work," she owned to me, "and they take ages to dry—in winter it's awful!"

Mrs. Jones needs a wringer—the beautifully efficient post-war Acme, which will wring out all those heavy garments (light ones too) with no strain on herself, and cut drying time down by half, and give her the ideal wash. Acme rollers are specially made to wring thick blankets as easily as babies' nappies—Mrs. Jones just controls the pressure herself. Washday needn't be such a burden, Mrs. Jones—let an Acme help you.

16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra



ACME WRINGERS LTD. · DAVID STREET · GLASGOW · S.E.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON

"...and the man at the Town Hall said..."

"It's your lucky day, Mrs. Turner" he said. "Your name's come up on the list for a pre-fab and it's one of those with an electric cooker *and* an electric refrigerator *and* an electric water heater. And that's what I call a bit of all right," he said.

"But," I said, "... isn't it expensive—all those special electric things, I mean?"

"Expensive?" he said. "Don't you believe it! Just you pop along to the Electricity Showrooms and ask them. Honestly, you'll be surprised. Talk about value for money! Of course," he said, "if you'd rather have one of the non-electric ones I know a lot of people who'll be only too glad to change with you..."

"Not jolly likely!" I said ... "This is my lucky day ... *and* I know it!"

ELECTRICITY... *Wonderful thing!*

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

"What d'you mean by roller skating on my polished floor?"

"We are only giving Willie a lesson Mother. We'll soon make the floor bright and lovely again with a rub of Mansion."

Use sparingly — still in short supply.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4.

EVERY WOMAN likes a little praise now and again for the way she keeps her home. And housewives who use Zebo deserve the praise they get. Zebo makes grates and surrounds (and firebricks, too) shine like rich black satin! The whole room looks brighter and cosier.

You'll find Zebo much quicker and easier to use, because it's a *liquid.* A rub-over and a quick polish—that's all!

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

For those who need it

• Weak digestions need the nourishment of meat and malt predigested in Winox by an enzymic process. Naturally, present supplies are insufficient to present requirements and customers are asked to co-operate by asking for Winox *only* in cases of illness or at the recommendation of their doctor.

Per bottle - 12/-

WINOX

THE MEAT AND MALT WINE

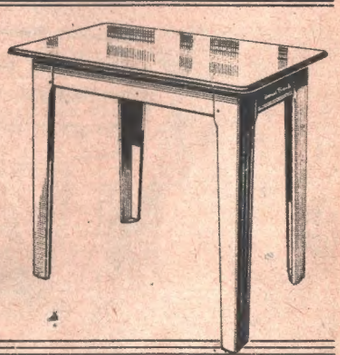
BEAUFOYS WINES LTD., CARON PLACE, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, S.W.8

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1317

"House Proud" for the Modern Kitchen

"House Proud" Kitchen Furniture is here, in High Grade Steel with Vitreous Enamel Top. It's colourful, it's substantial, it's modern, it's essentially practical. The name is a guarantee of lifetime service, finest quality and value for money. Ask for it at leading Furnishing Houses and Stores.



"House Proud" PRODUCTS

VERNONS INDUSTRIES LTD. LIVERPOOL

JOHN BULL AND J. B. Priestley

JOHN BULL WELCOMES to its pages this week a new contributor—John Boynton Priestley.

J. B. Priestley, the novelist and playwright of world fame, is one person. J. B. Priestley, the man everybody asks, is another.

Ever since his great series of war-time broadcasts, people have asked him questions on all manner of subjects. They write to him in large numbers. They come up to him on railway stations, during his travels, and want to know what he thinks.

Asking J. B. Priestley is almost a national sport. And Priestley's views are always worth hearing. He knows his own mind. He knows Britain and, as a widely travelled man, he knows a lot about the rest of the world and what it thinks of this country.

So I have offered him a page in JOHN BULL to reply to some of the things he is always being asked. It will really be his page, and he has complete freedom to say what he likes.

He cannot deal with correspondence about this page but readers who would like to ask for his views in JOHN BULL on any special subject should write to me, and I will pass their questions on to him.

THE EDITOR

"What do you believe to be the greatest problem facing the Labour Government?"

In Home Affairs, the greatest *immediate* problem is how to reconcile the old trade union point of view with the new Socialist outlook.

Our trade unions grew up within a capitalist system, hostile to the workers' interests. They are bargaining and not creative organizations. Again, they have been compelled to be rigid in their views of the division of labour — that a carpenter must not do a joiner's job, and so forth. But a genuine Socialist plan, aiming at a big national effort and the highest possible production, may demand that labour should be fluid and mobile and that hours of work should be temporarily increased. Socialism and trade unionism could easily find themselves sharply opposed. And the Labour Government has a foot in each camp.

The greatest *long-range* problem is how to preserve a reasonable amount of individual liberty within a planned economy operated largely by a powerful and growing bureaucracy. This is by no means impossible, but it is a problem that asks for much careful thought.

In Foreign Affairs, the greatest problem is how to break with traditional British policy in the most effective fashion. That policy is largely out of date and anyhow is unsuitable for a Socialist Government. But we must not appear as if we are letting it go out of mere weakness. We should give a definite lead out of this jungle of power politics, making an obvious moral gesture.

"What do you think are the chief faults of the British, Americans and Russians?"

Any reply to this must be very personal, of course. But I would say that the chief faults respectively are: *British*—lack of enthusiasm; mental laziness; too much sentimental weakness for the past and tradition; fear of change. *American*—too much complacency about American way of life; lack of steady judgment; tendency to over-dramatize everything. *Russian*—too much suspicion and fear of outside world; inability to face criticism frankly; too much thinking on party propaganda lines.

Perhaps it is worth noticing that these faults, which are partly the defects of corresponding virtues, would more or less even out on a balance of the three peoples; that representatives of each people, we will say, serving together on a board would fairly neatly cancel each other's weaknesses, so that the board itself would not show itself to have one dominant fault.

"Why do you hardly ever broadcast nowadays? Have you quarrelled with the B.B.C.?"

No, I have no quarrel with the B.B.C., although I cannot pretend to be wildly enthusiastic about it.

The chief reason why I broadcast so rarely nowadays is that the B.B.C. arranges its programmes well in advance, and, mistakenly I think, does not leave room for the kind of ten- or twelve-minute talk that I prefer to do at rather short notice.

Under the present programme system you have to decide to talk on some definite subject two or three months in advance, and temperamentally I do not fit in with this kind of long-range planning, because I do not know what I shall want to talk about in three months' time, whereas there are often subjects I would be delighted to discuss at short notice.

When I did the Postscripts in 1940 I was given the freedom of the air every Sunday after the nine o'clock news, and this arrangement suited me admirably. I like to talk on the air about things that excite me at the time, and all this planning in advance and discussion of subjects puts me off. If I were living in America I should probably do a lot of broadcasting, because radio talkers of my type are much in demand there. But here the monopoly system tends to work against us. That, however, does not amount to a quarrel.

"What do you think of the Public Opinion Polls featured by newspapers, especially in America but increasingly here, too?"

While I favour the idea, if only because the state of public opinion is obviously very important in any democratic society, I cannot help regarding these newspaper polls with considerable suspicion.

Opinion-sampling is a very intricate business, and should be conducted in a scrupulously conscientious manner and in a scientific spirit. And even then, much depends on what questions are asked and at what time. For example, there is all the difference between asking "In view of world conditions, are you satisfied with what is happening here?" and asking "Do you approve of present conditions in Britain?" Most of us, whatever our politics were, would be inclined to say "Yes" to the first question, and an emphatic "No" to the second.

Again, if you time your question about

conditions just after the public has been told that there will be further cuts in some essential food ration, you are likely to have a far higher percentage of people disapproving of present conditions and the Government.

Finally, in the more elaborate polls, especially those in America, the questions have always seemed to me to need more qualification and to have been so short that they were nearly all ambiguous. And it is worth remembering that American Public Opinion tests based their reputation chiefly on their anticipation of the result of Presidential elections, where the issue is simple and the question short and clear: "Do you want Smith or Jones for President?"

"Would you support Sunday theatre performances?"

Yes, most strongly.

Britain is one of the very few countries that does not allow Sunday performances in the theatres, although many cities here show films on Sunday. Most of the people who object talk and write as if, once the theatres were open on Sunday evenings, they would be compelled to attend them. But these people can spend their Sunday evenings exactly as they did before: nobody wishes to interfere with them. It is they who wish to interfere with other people; who say, in effect, "Because *I* don't want to go to a theatre on Sunday, then *you* shan't."

It is true that some actors and actresses are opposed to Sunday opening, chiefly because they feel they would soon be asked to work seven evenings a week; but I for one am in favour of opening the theatres on Sunday, when there is an enormous public for them, and closing them on Monday, which has never been a good night.

As for the argument that Sunday opening would spoil the actor's weekend and so forth, the answer is that an actor should consider himself a public servant and be ready to work at such times as his audiences want him to work.

Again, people tell us that theatres should be closed on Sunday because the staffs would have to work that night, but I never notice these people refusing to buy a newspaper on Monday morning, although such newspapers have kept their staffs working on Sunday night.

Then there is the argument that the dramatic fare offered by theatres is unsuitable for Sunday night; to which I would reply that a good deal of this entertainment is unfit for any night. Let us improve it — and open the theatres on Sunday.

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

IS EXCLUSIVE to JOHN BULL, and there will be another page of outspoken, stimulating answers to current questions NEXT WEEK. Other outstanding features of the important 28-page issue on sale November 21 include:

BEATING THE "BLACK" BUILDER

Results of a JOHN BULL inquiry into the black market in building—with a ten-point practical plan to stop the men who, in Aneurin Bevan's own words, are "frittering away" the labour and materials needed for new homes.

THE "NO" MEN OF RUSSIA

A full-length "private view" of Molotov and Vishinsky, with hitherto unpublished facts giving a new insight into the characters of the two Russian diplomats who are so often in the news, but of whom so little is known.

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (3)

CLOISTERS... AND QUEUES

by GORDON BECKLES

In his search for the Britain of tomorrow, John Bull's Special Correspondent goes this week to Oxford, ancient university city. "things are in a muddle" he was told. But the plans are there . . .

I AM WRITING FROM OXFORD, one of the world's great centres of culture, learning and enlightenment—things which may be supposed to have the building of a better "tomorrow" as their chief aim.

People here won't be angry at my saying this; they know it all too well: they are paying a heavy penalty for the sins of their civic forefathers.

The first view of the city of dreaming spires is obscured by towering gasworks and coke dumps, with a cemetery on the other side leading towards the station. This is the same station which the early Victorians used; only it was new then; now it is little better than a ramshackle shed.

You leave this regrettable station and trudge up a street towards the centre of the city. The first large building you see is what might easily be an Oxford college, but is not; it is the city jail, bang in the heart of the city. You then turn left and find yourself in a barren space reminiscent of a barrack square, with lines of people waiting in the lashing rain. This is Oxford's apology for a bus centre.

And yet, all around you, mostly hidden behind walls, are some of the loveliest gems of architecture which these islands have ever produced.

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This is what has happened.

In the past quarter of a century Oxford has slowly become an industrial centre. There is nothing really regrettable about that, no real blame to be attached to the factory builders.

The blame is on the city and the university. They have preferred not to see what was going on outside their walls.

And so this lack of co-operation—a hangover from the days when the men of the "Town" brawled incessantly with men of the "Gown"—has resulted in the present state of Oxford, with its narrow Cornmarket seething with shoppers from miles around, its historic "High" Street shaking with lorries, its chain stores and garish cinemas cheek by jowl with the lovely colleges which all the world has admired and revered in the past. Gaze at this picture, any of you who are apt to prefer our "dear old English muddling through" to "planning."

It's a gloomy picture, but you can't push your way about Oxford at the moment and remain gloomy for long. Thanks to a few thousand young men and women, there is a fine new spirit in the air.

The men don't wear long hair and "Oxford bags," nor do they giggle or adopt affected voices. They are a new sort of undergraduate. Getting here at all has been a long and serious journey for them, a journey via El Alamein and D-Day.

They are a foretaste of tomorrow.

How did they get here, these rather serious young people of nearer thirty than eighteen, most of them with parents unable to pay for university education?

First, you should know that the cost of Oxford has always been a difficult thing to estimate. It depends upon the scholarship of the undergraduate, bursaries offered by the university and their schools, the college they choose and their financial status.

Educational "Means Test"

Taking all this as a basis, the Ministry of Labour seems to have done a fine job by using what might be called an educational "Means Test" on ex-Servicemen who had hoped to go to Oxford before they joined up. They don't work to scales; it is a personal affair, different in each case.

I talked to a man who had been a lieutenant-colonel in an infantry battalion at twenty-seven.

"The worst thing of all is the accommodation," he said. "It really is appalling. The old idea that you have to live in college or licensed lodgings for the first year or so goes by the board. I am living out to start with, at £2 8s. a week. They are putting up huts on the lawns at New College."

I asked him what he was studying.

"P.P.E.," he said, Army-like, "or Modern Greats, if you like it that way."

This is the favourite choice of these thousands of young men from the Forces. One "P" stands for Philosophy, one for Politics and the "E" for Economics.

Thousands of young men? It was announced

At Trinity College . . . the eternal academic Oxford which many students reached via El Alamein

the other day that there was the record number of 5,290 men and 990 women now at Oxford.

I began to explore this odd mixture of a city, which has grown from 80,000 to 100,000 since 1939, and the shape of "tomorrow" began to be clearer.

The road I took was to Cowley, a suburb made famous by the cars it builds. It is about three miles from the centre of the city, yet on no trunk road. One might come into Oxford from any direction—and catch no sight of the Morris factories.

It has its own trunk road, a wide boulevard with plenty of space for shops and shoppers. And the man I talked to was neither town planner nor architect. He was a worker at the Morris factory.

Lesson of the War

"We don't want to go into Oxford, you know," he said. "It's no fun for my missus to get into those queues in the centre of the town. She doesn't want to look at the colleges. But if you shove all the best shops together there, *and* the big market, *and* the cinemas—well, what do you expect?"

He told me that this purely industrial suburb is now having its first undergraduates as residents, so great is the strain on housing accommodation. In the old days a man might take his degree at Oxford without once visiting Cowley.

Then I talked to one of the men in charge of this great factory.

"Out here," he told me, "we have about five thousand workers. A little fewer than the undergraduates up at the university. I think people are worrying unduly. There will be no industrial expansion such as people fear—at least not in Oxford. For as far as we are concerned, the war has taught us that factories can get too big.

"We have found that the ideal unit to handle is one of about 1,000 workers, not more. The works out here are too big already. When the time comes to expand it will be in units of about a thousand or less."

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Then I learned something of the way in which Lord Nuffield has used the millions made at Cowley for the benefit of the future.

He had wanted at first to start a college of engineering; but Cambridge was admitted to have taken the lead in this department. So, a few years before the war, he struck out on new lines of medical research—and what I heard described roughly as "human geography."

The workers at Cowley—their illnesses, strains, problems, troubles—are contributing to a vast experiment in social medicine, the results of which will not be made available until perhaps ten years hence. I saw a typical detailed analysis of their illnesses which is sent regularly from Cowley to the Institute of Medical Research in Oxford. Rheumatism and digestive troubles figured prominently.

The ultimate object of all this, of course, is to make the worker's lot easier and happier; about as noble a "target for tomorrow" as one could imagine.

There are plenty of workers' troubles ahead in the shake-down years. Military service, past, present and future, will have a great influence on the structure of England.

"At the moment the juvenile workers are disappearing completely," they told me at Cowley. "Normally we employ about 150 juveniles out here. We know what is happening, of course. Boys and employers are both handicapped by the knowledge of military service ahead. In time we will get used to it, as the French have learned to do, but it's a big interruption in a boy's career."

Over seventy per cent of Service workers in this big, modern factory are back on the line, and ninety-eight per cent have declared their intention of returning when they are released.

Back in Oxford, I found myself in a coffee shop packed with undergraduates. I asked after a man who had lost an arm in the war and whom I believed to be up this year. Yes, I was told, he was at Magdalen; not in residence; he was married and living in a nearby caravan!

You get a taste of the democracy of a great university from the chatter over morning coffee. They say that Oxford is the home of lost causes, which is rather a pessimism; I should prefer to think of it as the home of every sort of cause.

Each week of the short terms is crowded with meetings of such bodies as the Labour Party Group, the Union, the Rationalist Society, the Italian Society, the Liberal Club, the Cosmos Society, the Socratic Club, the Chung Hwa Club; while great men and women in every walk of life queue up for a chance to talk to the statesmen, clerics, scholars, judges, scientists and workers of tomorrow.

A stimulating atmosphere.

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It was over a cup of coffee that I heard of Mr. Thomas Rayson.

Thomas Rayson is a distinguished Oxford architect who has not waited for the city to ask him, but has produced his own plan for the future appearance of the district.

It is an affair of inner and outer ring roads, of resitings and replannings, not dissimilar in essentials to the one that I was shown in Liverpool (JOHN BULL, Nov. 2).

There may be points in the plan which might be applied to your own community. Here are some:

No traffic should enter the town except that required by the town; and the speed of entering should be reduced.

All commercial, instructional and social organizations not required for the active and progressive life of the town and university should be removed to districts whose inhabitants they serve.

The town area should be planned to admit of new hotels, car parks, etc., approached from a ring-road.

The railway station should be resited.

Ordered: One More Plan

Well, that seems quite enough to go on with for the next few years. The city itself has commissioned another plan to be submitted by a Durham architect next year.

If the past is any guide, years will elapse before anything but talk takes place. But I have the feeling that the past is not going to be quite so much a guide to Oxford as it has been. . . .

★ ★ ★

I write this sitting in the bow window of an ancient hotel. It shakes to the thunder of lorries.

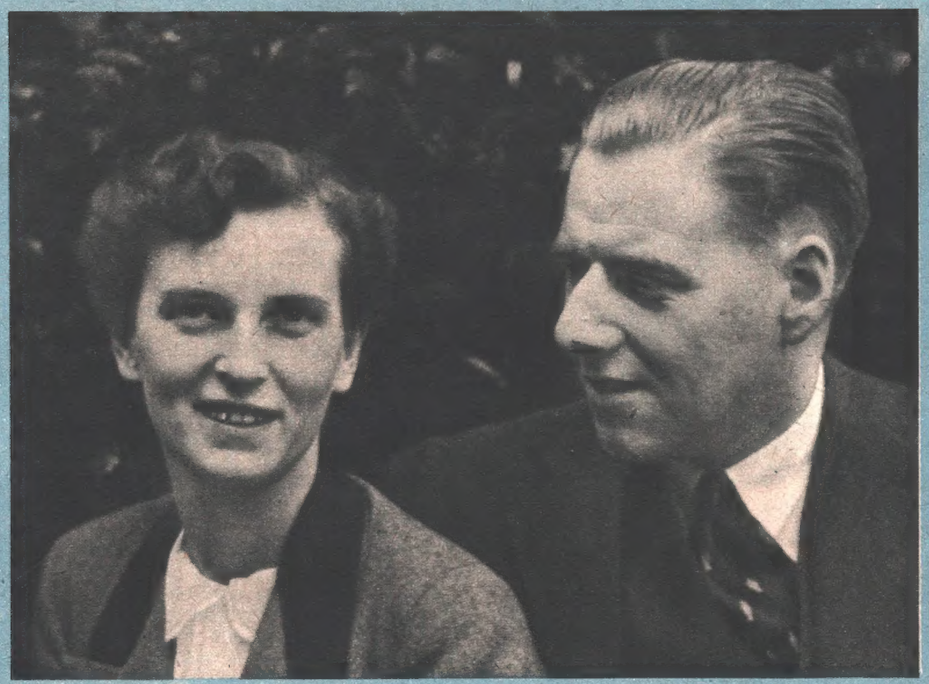
Housewives with net bags jostle undergraduates in their gowns, the ever-present Polish soldiers are part of the throng on the narrow pavement, and the general atmosphere is one of the Strand at its busiest. Perhaps the intrusion of twentieth-century life has done the ancient university good.

At present, "It's a bit of a mess," as a young Rhodes Scholar told me, "But the future looks good."

(Next Week: Tomorrow —in South Wales)

It is a contrasting, workaday scene at the busy factory suburb of Cowley, where men make cars

Private View of The McNeils



TANDEM TO POWER

WHEN THE NEW SOCIALIST M.P.S met in Westminster after their election, four of them took a modified pledge. They vowed that they would not drink in the House of Commons bar when the House was in session.

They felt their tempers and judgment would be better controlled; they knew the pitfalls of afternoon drinking. They were also ambitious. They wanted executive jobs in Government and two of the four have got them.

All have kept the pledge, among them Hector McNeil. When he meets his friends in that bar he has a large ginger ale. But when at thirty-six years of age he became Minister of State, it was more than a great triumph for sobriety. His success was foreseen, planned and worked for years ago—by Hector McNeil and his wife, Sheila.

It is something quite remarkable in modern-day politics for such a young man to get such a big job. He is regarded as the most outstanding success in the group of young Socialists which Mr. Attlee tried out in his Government.

But unlike most success stories, it was not achieved for fame or fortune—both were respectfully set aside at varying stages of the upward climb—it arose out of an evangelical zeal for Socialism.

Hector McNeil's ancestral roots are well embedded in the working class. His grandfather was killed building ships in Scott's Yard, Greenock. His father followed on in the trade of shipwright in the same yard and it seemed pretty well set for Hector to go into the yards, too.

But these industrial heritages were cracking-up in the twenties. Working-class families were beginning to see the capital value of education. Young Hector McNeil wanted to go to a university. His mother backed him. The young scholar succeeded in getting bursaries; it was his mother who worked hard so that he could accept them.

Maybe she was influenced by the course he had chosen to study—the Church. Almost casually he put his name down for an extra course in economics. But it was this subject which, in a few months, fascinated him and translated his working-class background into Socialist apostleship.

His pulpit became the Sunday dockside meetings of the Clydebank workers, and his sermons were rather more inflammatory than those usually delivered by a student of divinity. He dropped the idea of going into the Church and concentrated on economic studies.

At this time, McNeil, the orator, was courting another student, Sheila Craig, daughter of a Tory family. It was a troubled and furtive courtship. Often Sheila Craig had to dash to the telephone and warn her young man: "Don't come near the house for a fortnight. They've read your speech and they're boiling with rage."

Or maybe they had seen a newspaper picture of McNeil leading a procession with flags flying and policemen walking at his side. The Craigs feared for their daughter.

The courtship was mainly achieved in the university library. They would meet there after lectures; over impressive but unread reference books they whispered love and economics. Sheila Craig shared Hector McNeil's views; and she was ambitious for him. Confident and capable, she saw politics as a career rather than a hobby. A trip to Canada and America as the star of the British Universities' debating team finally decided McNeil that politics was *his* career.

While still a student he contested a Tory stronghold in a city council election and he won it—with the help of his wife and young student friends. He was in his very early twenties. He found himself sitting with the elders of the City of Glasgow. He studied older members and their strategy instead of pushing on his own bold ideas.

It was his first exercise in diplomacy.

Out of university, but still on the council, he was faced with the fact that he had to earn a living for himself and his wife. He became a reporter on the Glasgow *Daily Express* and was mainly concerned with council and industrial affairs.

But it wasn't until his reputation reached the *Daily Express* London office that there was any cause for a conflict of conscience.

Lord Beaverbrook made a hobby of getting talented young Socialists to write his Tory leading articles. He spotted McNeil's work, liked it. In answer to his call McNeil went south.

For some months he tried to reconcile bread and butter with a growing sense of hypocrisy. He was well paid but ill at ease. Hector McNeil—happier as a provincial journalist out of the range of a quick telephone call—went back to the Clyde as the night editor of the Scottish *Daily Express*, a job which allowed him the daytime for his opposition to the policy of appeasement and "no war this year."

All this time Sheila was pushing him towards the first step in his political career—a seat in the House. Their small flat near Glasgow University was a focal point for local and visiting politicians. Late nights were spent in discussions.

She became his secretary, canvasser and agent and worked hard on the job of advancing her husband's career. At twenty-seven he was a baillie of the City of Glasgow Council (an alderman, south of the border). He had a reputation as a first-class administrator and a straight talker.

He may have puzzled some of his colleagues with the double role of working for the *Daily Express* and pushing Socialism in the council, but the two were reconciled in his own mind. One was his food and rent; the other was his ambition.

In July, 1941, a by-election in Greenock took him back to London. Sheila found a small timbered cottage off England's Lane, Hampstead. She went on working as his secretary, while he began to impress the House of Commons.

Hector became Parliamentary Private Secretary to Noel-Baker, in the Ministry of War Transport. He understood and liked the intricacies of departmental work. But his speeches in the House were not spectacular; he "fitted in with" the policy of the Coalition.

When Labour came to power, Ernest Bevin chose him as the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It looked like a sensational dip in the hat, but his work with Noel-Baker had ranked high. Nor did Bevin forget the young student who had spent his Sunday evenings talking to Clydebank dockers.

With a department of secretaries and advisers behind him, Hector McNeil told his wife that she need no longer handle his mass of correspondence. And for the first time he had a job which eased the considerable financial strain they had both felt when he gave up journalism and drew only £400 a year as an M.P.

It had been a hard struggle and only a Scots housewife could have made it possible for them to establish such a pleasant middle-class home and such a secure position in London.

But even when he was at the Foreign Office, I

Continued on page 12

These men are part of a foreign country in Britain. Their new life here is a big question mark for us — and for them

WE MUST SETTLE THE POLES

We have accepted 200,000 Polish Servicemen for settlement. It is the biggest mass immigration to this country for generations. There is no doubt that it raises certain social issues beyond that of jobs, around which most controversy has so far centred

by HILDE MARCHANT

WALK INTO ANY ONE of the big blocks of flats on the left-hand side of Ashley Gardens, Victoria, London, and you walk into a foreign country.

You can get lost there, as I found, among hundreds of people who greet a simple inquiry with disturbing servility and the smile of an unwanted child. It is as if they say, "We cannot help it—we are Poles."

For the people who tramp these corridors are some of the 200,000 Polish soldiers and airmen who have come to this country in search of a way, and a means, of living.

In battle, with arms and an enemy to fight, they were arrogant and brave. Now, approaching civilian status, they are acutely aware of being a political and international embarrassment to this nation which has admitted them to a corner of Victoria and a dozen isolated military barracks.

What are we going to do with them?

It is a question which they and Britain's own workers would like answered. Without rattling any political skeletons, it has to be said that by a decision of the Cabinet of the Labour Government, the Poles have been admitted to this country for resettlement.

They are here because the majority of General Anders's army in Italy and the Middle East decided they could not accept the offer of the present Warsaw Government to return to Poland.

Politically, many of them feared that a new Communist regime in Poland would not regard them as good comrades. Others have a shaky history as landowners and executives in a pre-war Poland where both those functions involved little social responsibility—to put it mildly. A few, mainly single, wish to remain in the west because they have liked our way of living.

National Hatreds

The answer to the question, "Why not go home?" also involves national hatreds. It involves rumours that the Russians shoot men of General Anders's army when they return. It is impossible to argue with this attitude. One Polish officer in London, whose record as a fighter against Germany is without question, put it in this picturesque way:

"I once got on a tramcar and clutched the safety strap. It gave me an electric shock. Now, automatically, I never hold anything when getting on a tramcar. I served two years in a Russian labour camp. I will not return. Once burned . . ."

You cannot get beyond this reflex when the Soviet Union is mentioned.

The first step to their rehabilitation and general sorting out in this country was to transfer them to the Polish Resettlement Corps. Their arms have been taken away and they have been broken up into small groups in a dozen or more camps. Though they have no military life in the sense of parades or training, they come under British military law.

About 200,000 of them have already arrived and some 30,000 wives and dependants have followed.

In the first stage about ten per cent elected to go back to Poland. The offer is still open, and a further twenty per cent, on arriving in this country, decided to go back. They will take with them a war gratuity of not more than eight weeks' pay and an issue of civilian clothing.

But the majority will undoubtedly remain.

Britain has frequently given refuge to people with whose political and religious faiths we did not necessarily agree. Many of these foreigners became useful to their adopted country.

As far back as 1350 we opened our doors to the Flemish woolworkers who settled in Yorkshire and helped to build our wool industry. The Huguenot merchants came in 1650 and reinforced our trading and merchant shipping industry on the west coast. And this is not the first time we have accepted Poles among us. In the middle of the nineteenth century, Polish miners came to the pits and there were no complaints about their work.

Nor did any of these foreign workers remain in isolated colonies, practising their own national characteristics. They were quickly absorbed into our communities and within a generation were indistinguishable from the British folk around them.

But the present arrival of the scattered Polish Army remains the biggest mass immigration into this country for generations. We must expect many social and human problems to arise when we find that this is no longer a war-time association but a permanent matter of accepting thousands of foreigners into our nation.

During the war there were plenty of unpleasant stories of the behaviour of Polish troops. They were accused of drunkenness and sexual violence. It may be that these reports were the exaggerations of individual cases. Such stories are attached to any foreign army stationed abroad. It may be, too, that when the Polish soldiers are given the responsibility of civilian life, any wilder characteristics will vanish.

But we will have to face the fact that these people belonging to a small nation with a different temperament, different outlook and different moral values are about to settle among us.

There will be mixed marriages and the children of those marriages. This, of course, happened during the war and some of the marriages were successful. Some were outstanding disasters.

We are also an insular race, not given to accepting quickly another nation's ways. Some of the Poles mistake this for hostility. They are a sensitive people.

The Poles say they will have much to give, once they have got over the feeling of being segregated foreigners.

"Black" Moods

Apart from being a hard-working and rather frugal people, they are artistic and imaginative. They are good designers—whether it is furniture, clothes or engineering. They are good singers. Their wives are first-class cooks and dressmakers.

But they do occasionally sink into temperamental "black" moods that are hard for English people to understand or refrain from provoking.

They have a chance to join the British Army if they are fit and under thirty. The War Office hastens to reassure home and foreign opinion by saying that these recruits will be dispersed through the Army and not allowed to form the nucleus of a Polish national army. In spite of their war-like reputation few have accepted the offer.

And so they have come to a labour-starved country that through centuries of struggle has achieved a standard of living for its working men and women which is far higher than any known in Poland.

Our trade unions, suspicious of the Poles politically, also saw in them a potential force for undermining hard-won standards of wages and working conditions.

The trade unions and the British Employers' Federation have now got together and agreed with the Government on a plan.

First, some members of the resettlement corps will be directed on loan for important reconstruction work, provided British labour is not available. The Poles are not particularly happy about this part of the scheme. They receive only British Army pay for this work and they see themselves replacing German prisoners of war as they are repatriated. The jobs they have already undertaken—such as harvesting, road building and

Continued on page 24

JOHN BULL QUIZ

are you an all-rounder?

YOU MAY CALL YOURSELF ONE if you can get four questions right out of five in all the sections. But perhaps you specialize? In that case, five out of five in any one subject entitles you to the name "expert" in that department. Three in any division is good; three in all of them is very good. Here's your chance to check up on yourself. The answers are on page 26.

CURRENT EVENTS

1. What village did the Prudential buy the other day?
2. The Curtis Report has caused nation-wide concern; with what does it deal?
3. From what metal are Britain's new coins being made?
4. What election did Dr. Schumacher's party win—and what party is it?
5. Who are the permanent delegates to UNO of Britain, Russia and America?

POETRY

1. Whose love was like a red, red rose?
2. "I will arise and go now . . ."; where to?
3. "Tell me where is Fancy bred,
   Or in the heart or in the head?"
4. Who, according to G. K. Chesterton, made the rolling English road?
5. Can you name the two young men killed in the recent war who, many people say, were its greatest poets?

ELECTRICITY

1. Why is some lightning forked?
2. How many watts make up a unit?
3. How do birds manage to perch unharmed on live rails?
4. Why is a.c. better than d.c.?
5. What are the units of current, resistance, and electrical energy?

EXPLORERS

1. Who were the first men to reach the North and South Poles?
2. What savages killed Cook, Mungo Park, Magellan?
3. After whom is America named?
4. What was the North-West Passage and who discovered it?
5. Whose ships were the *Santa Maria*, the *Golden Hind* and the *Discovery*?

MURDER

1. Who was Crippen's girl friend?
2. How did fly-papers help Mrs. Maybrick to kill her husband?
3. Who were Leopold and Loeb?
4. What was the jury's verdict on whether Madeleine Smith murdered her lover?
5. What was Rouse's attempted method of disappearing?

PARLIAMENT

1. What is a three-line whip?
2. How much a year do an M.P., the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition get?
3. What is the Parliamentary guillotine?
4. Every Bill is "read" three times in the House of Commons; what does each "reading" entail?
5. When is the next General Election due?

BOXING

1. Who is Britain's sole world champion?
2. What is the maximum number of points a referee can award per round?
3. What do the terms "countering" and "solar plexus" mean?
4. Starting from heavyweight, can you name the weights down the scale?
5. Whom did Jack Dempsey beat to become world champion and who beat him?

LANGUAGE

1. "He caught his train and a cold." Of what grammatical figure is this an example?
2. What is an oxymoron?
3. When Sir Boyle Roche, M.P., said, "I smell a rat; I see him forming in the air and darkening the sky; but I'll nip him in the bud," what sin of speech was he committing?
4. "There were millions of people at the football match," said Willie, employing what figure of speech?
5. What is the grammatical term for Shakespeare's slip in introducing a clock into *Julius Caesar*?

BABIES

1. What is the correct temperature for a baby's (a) feed, (b) bath, soon after birth?
2. Approximately how old should he be when he starts to cut his first two teeth, crawl, say his first intelligible word?
3. About how much weight should a baby gain weekly?
4. What should you do if a baby wakes up crying in the middle of the night?
5. What egg priority do babies get?

THE STAGE

1. What are the themes of *Pick-Up Girl*, *No Room at the Inn*, and *The Guinea Pig*?
2. When does "the ghost walk"?
3. What are the meanings of "O.P.," the pass-door, and "flats"?
4. Who is acting at the moment in a play in the West End produced by her husband?
5. What is the Young Vic?

LANDMARKS

Where would you be if you saw these?

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

PRIVATE VIEW OF THE McNEILS

Continued from page 10

have known Hector McNeil to dash over to the House of Commons on a Friday afternoon to change a cheque and take home the housekeeping money.

Their parties are amusing. The Minister of State is known to sing "She was Poor but She was Honest" slightly off key but with an excellent Cockney accent.

There are no sartorial specialities about this young man who has succeeded. He is the neat navy blue pin-stripe type with an early middle-line plumpness. He has a habit of ruffling his thin sandy hair when considering a statement. At the end of a debate it resembles rather worn coconut matting.

He has retained such a strong Scottish accent that interpreters at international conferences have to ask him to repeat remarks. The only foreign language he attempts is French and he speaks that so badly that it is reserved for use on others who don't really know the language. His first visit to a European country was when he went to Greece to report back on the general situation. He enjoyed the trip with a certain boyish excitement. His report, which naturally enough endorsed Bevin's policy towards Greece, equally naturally alienated a number of his Labour friends.

McNeil has the pawky humour and strictly logical mind of the lochside Scot.

He's a chain smoker, suffers from the no-smoking rule of the House of Commons, and has been rebuked by Commons policemen for palming a cigarette in a forbidden area.

New Role: Family Man

The McNeils have just had their first baby. Four-month-old Craig Russell takes all Sheila's time and she has given up her work for her husband. Her days are taken up with feeding times, knitting and washing.

Colleagues wonder why Hector McNeil sometimes disappears at 9.30 each evening and returns later to finish his work. He's even been known to quit consultations and dinner parties at this time. The cause of this nightly disappearance is the ten o'clock feeding time of the plump young son.

He sometimes sneaks off from work to watch a football match; or he'll go up to Glasgow to see the local team play. He sits with the supporters of his side and changes his soft statesmanlike voice for a good hearty yell.

The southern public had never really known or noticed this young Scot until they saw his name appear for increasingly more responsible Government posts. But Scotland, naturally enough, knew him well. What has possibly puzzled them is the sudden change from the rather wild, unruly young agitator-reporter to the more responsible and respectable diplomat-politician.

Apart from the very strong influence which Sheila McNeil has had, there was the very real turning point in the bar of the House of Commons. Realizing that their days as a small group had ended, the four M.P.s also realized that power meant hard work. The leisurely bar talks were over and they had to prepare themselves for desks in Whitehall, and the fruits of their early struggles. Of all the younger Socialist M.P.s, Hector McNeil stands out as Attlee's most successful experiment.

At thirty-six he has a responsible and trusted job, a charming home, a young family, financial ease and influential friends. The evangelical orator has been disciplined by administrative responsibility. People ask of Hector McNeil what, to a certain degree, they ask of the Labour Party as a whole—that his sincerity be preserved in the atmosphere of growing respectability that attends on power.

JAMES MARCH

BIGGEST PLANTING JOB

World scarcity of timber forces a twenty-five per cent cut in the use of wood for our housing drive. Here are the facts about the forests of Britain — and what we can do to save them

by JOHN LUMSDEN

LESS WOOD IS TO BE USED in the thousands of houses now being built as part of Britain's housing drive. This firm order has just been issued by the Health Minister and already builders are modifying their designs for three-bedroomed houses.

Solid ground floors, instead of floors with boarding and timber joists, will be just the first among changes made to meet the call for a twenty-five per cent timber cut.

This modification is one small effect of a tremendous problem. All over the world, timber is in short supply.

Forests, as seen in photographs and films, seem endless, eternally renewable. But there is a limit to the amount of timber which may be extracted from the world's forests—and the drainage of war has brought us near to timber famine.

Why should timber be so short?

First of all, timber is being used for more and more purposes. The making of chemicals, newsprint, matches, railway and mine equipment, ships, and even plastics, all demands timber.

The enormous war-time expansion of industry, coupled with wastage through enemy action, put a six-year strain on timber supplies.

Additionally, countries like China and India have been developing their own industries with little home-grown timber of their own. They have entered the world market as buyers.

The demand has grown to an extent which sets a problem even for the vast timber-producing areas of Canada, the United States and the Northern European countries.

How are we off for timber in Britain?

Badly. In a century we have doubled our population—but are using more than five times as much wood as in 1850. Yet just before the war we were importing ninety-five per cent of our timber at a cost of £63,000,000 a year.

When war came we had to do our utmost to support ourselves. Timber is bulky and expensive stuff to import. We fell back on our own forests.

Today, our forests are in bad shape. Not long ago, Hugh Dalton and Emanuel Shinwell went on two separate missions to the Highlands of Scotland. They saw many hillsides covered with Scots pine. They saw many more which were barren of trees.

They were able to observe what had happened between the two wars. In the first World War, wholesale fellings thinned out the forests to danger point. So in 1919 a Forestry Commission was set up to carry out a programme of state afforestation along with the conservation of existing woodlands.

By 1939 nearly half a million acres had been planted. Then another war came—and our trees started falling in thousands.

What can we do about it?

The first thing to do is to recreate our forests and woodlands. In 1943 the Forestry Commissioners, seeing very well what was happening, recommended a target of 5,000,000 acres of effective woodland and forest. They pointed out also that to be fully self-supporting on the present scale of consumption 14,000,000 acres are required.

At the moment we have only 2,000,000 acres of existing woodland, so that at least 3,000,000 acres more must be planted, on uncultivated land.

This first move toward forest recovery will be spread over the next ten years, at the end of which 1,000,000 acres should be planted at a cost of about £40,000,000.

Sheltered land must be obtained and there must be protection against fire and against rabbits, squirrel and deer—the pests that can ruin a young forest.

Thereafter it will be a slow but sure business. It will take between ten and twenty-five years before we can expect an early return from the planting of such trees as Japanese larch, Sitka spruce, Norway spruce and Scots pine.

Fifty years and more will pass before these are fully-stocked woodlands. But if pest control is thoroughly efficient, then natural regeneration will follow—which is to say that the forests by that time will look after their own growth and renewal.

How is a forest site selected? It is a complicated business. Any new forest must be sited near sources of road, rail and water transport.

Overhead costs in creating these new forests can be reduced by research into new methods of afforestation. Other sources of revenue suggest themselves, too. During the war we managed to meet from home sources all our requirements for charcoal, a product of wood distillation. This can now be progressively increased until we can meet any possible needs that may arise.

Will all this mean more employment?

Spread over a period of years, the building of our new forests will provide a considerable amount of employment. Experts compute that for every one hundred acres of forest, one man is employed on full-time forest work and another four on forest industry. Thus, the first target of 5,000,000 acres means eventual employment for 250,000 men, about half of whom would mainly be employed in the Highlands of Scotland.

This might lead to the repopulation and rehabilitation of deserted Highland areas.

The same thing would hold true of sites in other parts of the country, now desolate. The coming of village communities on the outskirts of new forests, the expansion of forestry and ancillary industries, would do much to check the city-wards drift of the population.

Does forestry offer a young man a good career?

It offers a young man the chance of an outdoor life of unceasing interest and a future of opportunity, both at home and abroad.

Training courses for forest officers are already provided by the universities of Oxford, Bangor, Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

The prospective forest officer studies for three years. Then there are courses for foresters. These lay stress on the practical side of the work—forest nursery, ground preparation, felling.

During the next few years the State Forestry Service will require about forty officers and 250 foresters every year. Pre-war home service pay for officers ranged from £275 to £650 a year for district officers, rising to £1,000 a year for divisional officers. Head foresters may earn as much as £300 a year plus a house or house allowance.

Possibly we have never taken sufficient interest or pride in our forests. This is largely due to the fact that the town dweller, especially, knows little about them. Now, with the creation of national forest parks, it is likely that there will be an increase of public interest in this part of our national heritage.

Our forests were stripped during the war. We must replant and expand them to counter world shortage

National forest parks at Argyll, Snowdonia, and Forest of Dean have a total area of almost 100,000 acres. The Scottish park, opened in 1936 on the lines of America's national park, has camping grounds and youth hostel sites.

The Forestry Commissioners hope that new parks will soon be opened and, with the blessing of Lewis Silkin, the present Minister of Town and Country Planning and a national parks enthusiast, the public may get a clearer idea of the magnificence and use of British forests.

What is our future policy to be?

The present timber shortage emphasizes the need for a clear-cut national policy in this matter.

Great as the contribution of private woodland owners has been, a definite Government policy is now urgently necessary where such a vital commodity as timber is concerned.

The Forestry Commissioners have already outlined their long-term policy. The Government must implement it continuously and with adequate financial assistance. Hugh Dalton has wisely given the Commissioners a large grant to carry out their first five year plan.

We must not only replant but also afforest much of the waste land which at present is practically unused. We cannot allow any of the land available in this small island to go to waste. Reserves of timber must be built up.

And our British forests, which have carried us successfully through the two greatest wars in history, have within them today the seeds of new wealth and new industry.

£1,300,000 £700,000

"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

"LONDON TOWN"

What's going on

IT'S A £ GAMBLE!

This is the man behind it

Britain's growing film industry today finds itself able seriously to challenge American supremacy. That's why J. Arthur Rank has spent a fortune on four "super" films. Will the gamble come off—or would we do better with simpler, cheaper pictures on essentially British lines?

by HUGH CASTLE

BIG THINGS ARE HAPPENING in British films. It does not take a film man in Wardour Street, or a finance expert in the City, to see that. The signs are obvious. They are outside every cinema in the country—in the queues which follow the better British pictures.

For the first time for thirty years the public is showing unmistakably that it prefers the home-made films to Hollywood's.

In New York, where the giant American film combines have their head offices, they admit this. They admit it reluctantly. But they can't deny it. They are up against the cold fact that a British film like *The Seventh Veil* will take twice as much money from the British public as the average top-class American film, and more than any of the half-dozen Hollywood "supers" of its year.

They are up against the fact that a novelettish British film like *Piccadilly Incident*, which received a rough handling from the critics, has had a success which would have been unthinkable before the war. They are up against facts like *Madonna of the Seven Moons, The Wicked Lady, The Captive Heart*, and scores of other British successes.

These are days when people have money to spend, and there is still plenty of cash left over for Hollywood films. The Americans are still taking millions of pounds out of British cinemas every year. But, on their own admission, they now realize that as soon as more British films are made their easy market in this country will have gone.

All this means that Britain's growing film industry has a chance the like of which it has never had before. Seizing this chance is a task of national importance. For films are much more than a mere medium of entertainment. They represent foreign trade; they are one of the two most powerful modern forms of propaganda.

Questions They're Asking

Will the British industry make the most of its present opportunities? Will it dominate its own home market and win a big place for itself abroad? Or will the industry flare up and fade out, as it has done so often in the past?

These are the questions the film experts are asking themselves.

There are other questions, arising from the main ones, and it is urgent that they are properly answered in the near future. One of them is this: the Rank film producing organization has spent £3,000,000 on four super films. It is a colossal gamble, made in the hope of forcing British films into the world market. Is it justified?

On that answer depends far more than the mere success of four individual films.

Caesar and Cleopatra is reputed to have cost about £1,300,000. The figure has never been categorically denied. *Men of Two Worlds* is thought to have cost at least £750,000. *London Town*, the spectacular Technicolor musical comedy with Sid Field, also cost about £700,000. *Henry V* cost about £450,000.

These four films, put together, represent a greater expenditure than any top Hollywood company would have risked on four pictures. Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in all its glory, never spent as fast as that.

Homespun Article

Will the gamble come off? Many experts think that it will not, and argue that the future of British pictures is in simpler, cheaper, more straightforward films, which do not copy Hollywood, but which go out and say things for themselves.

And it is true that so far Britain's greatest film successes have been essentially homespun pictures, made with complete disregard for Hollywood and the American market.

Yet, even if pictures like *Caesar and Cleopatra* fail to make a profit after their enormous cost, they have succeeded in one thing. They have made people talk about them.

All the time, more and more, the talk is of British pictures. The "fans" follow James Mason and Stewart Granger. They follow Margaret Lockwood and Phyllis Calvert. People like Michael Redgrave, who cares little for publicity and all the conventional ballyhoo, have been proved to be far more popular with the public than the highly boosted glamourites from Sunset Boulevard.

As with stars, so with films themselves. Even when a British film is strongly criticized by the Press it remains *news*. People keep on talking about it.

Caesar and Cleopatra was given an unmerciful pummelling by Fleet Street critics. Some said it was slow; some said its direction was amateurish; many said it was too long and too expensive.

Millions of people have seen the film, nevertheless. The bad Press even helped it, for it became a talking point. Filmgoers argued whether or not the critics were justified.

The same thing has happened again with *London*

£750,000

£450,000

"MEN OF TWO WORLDS"

"HENRY V"

...in British films?

...3,000,000

Town, the expensive musical with Sid Field. It was directed by Hollywood's Wesley Ruggles, who had never previously made a musical film. Things like that can only happen in the film business.

The critics said it was imitation Hollywood and that the only good thing in it was the comedian. The public queued up for it in London, and queued up again on the film's general release. Were they disappointed? Perhaps they were. But the picture was accounted a success in Wardour Street, although whether it will get its money back is another matter.

Then the Bombs Came

So British films, from the cheap ones to the expensive ones, are the vogue. They have challenged the opposition in popularity in this country. How did this apparent miracle come about? For just before the war British films were at a low ebb indeed.

The answer is that Hollywood is partly to blame, for by and large American films have not had a vintage crop for some time. War turned Hollywood into a spiritual exile. While Europe was being torn up California basked in sunshine, and its films exuded the usual formula. They were bright, they were gay, they were empty. More than anything else they were unreal.

On the other hand, British films developed character. Technicians stuck at their job while bombs dropped. Cameramen went out with air crews. Something new, something vital, something more urgent than the old Hollywood hocus-pocus, were being breathed into British pictures.

Along came films like *The Lion Has Wings*, *One of our Aircraft is Missing*, and *Western Approaches*. Of a different type there were pictures like *Forty-Ninth Parallel* and *Colonel Blimp*. These were thoughtful. They said adult things. The man in the street liked this new note. He liked films which were not afraid to tackle serious ideas.

When Hollywood came into the war it was noticed that Errol Flynn won the Battle of Burma and the United States won everything else. The British public was not impressed. It knew too much.

There were exceptions, of course. *Mrs. Miniver* was a huge success. So was *Random Harvest*. Some of the big musicals did enormous business, for Hollywood has forgotten more about making musical films than the rest of the world will ever know.

Furthermore, munition workers had money to burn, so there was a boom. Everything, British and American, did well. The box office clicked happily. But the British pictures were helping themselves to more and more generous slices of the cake.

Three very different men watched what was happening and laid their plans accordingly. In his Park Lane office, facing the Dorchester Hotel, the millionaire miller, Joseph Arthur Rank, added company after company to his film empire, scheming for the day when British films would stand four square in the world film markets.

At Shepherd's Bush, thin, racehorse owning Maurice Ostrer was convincing himself that the public was ready for essentially escapist costume pictures, for films with strong story lines. The critics might say they were old-fashioned, but Ostrer was determined. He had no use for prestige, and no thoughts about art.

So Ostrer started off a long series of remarkably successful pictures which included *Madonna of the Seven Moons*, *The Wicked Lady*, *They Were Sisters*, *Caravan*.

His directors laid on their effects with a trowel. No nonsense and no subtlety. Good red meat; that was the formula.

It was an extraordinary run. No studio outside Hollywood has ever had such a sustained success. Ostrer's company, Gainsborough, was owned by Gaumont-British, and in turn by Rank. His policy must have made a seven-figure profit for the group.

Thoughtful, Adult

At Ealing, a man named Michael Balcon was arguing the other way around.

Balcon, restless, nervous, highly strung producer, who has spent his life in the studios around London, was aware of a new urgency in the air. He sensed that British films had a great opportunity—if they gave the public serious, adult entertainment, if they tackled real problems and were not afraid of real emotions.

He made a series of thoughtful pictures, stamped with quality. His films gave British pictures in general an air of prestige. He scored international successes with comparatively unspectacular pictures like *Dead of Night*.

He made *The Captive Heart*, one of the most successful films of the year. Its adult story of life in a prisoner-of-war camp was precisely what the new film public wanted.

So both men scored successes, by going opposite ways. There was only one thing they had in common—they both concentrated on moderate price

films. They did not attempt to make "supers" costing £500,000 and upwards.

Meanwhile the third man, Rank, watched the industry develop, and decided to launch an all-out offensive to capture world markets for British films.

Reams have been written about Rank, who sits on his financial alp and handles millions. He is perhaps the most spectacular capitalist in England today, owning more than 600 cinemas, a huge film distributing company, several film studios, a dozen or so production companies, two newsreels, a television company, and a string of concerns which make film and theatre equipment.

Officially, he holds about seventy public directorships. In fact, he is on the board of nearly 200 companies. His film empire, which he has been building up for a dozen years, is the British financier's answer to the Hollywood domination of the film business.

Rank has many critics, some of them very vocal. He is damned as a monopolist and criticized because he is so successful. His critics, as they watched him absorb company after company, quite forgot that Rank was going about his task in the only way he understood.

One thing about him is very certain, and it has never been emphasized enough by his friends or his critics. His belief in British films, and his determination to make an international film industry centred in London, is perfectly sincere. It is his mainspring, and his financial deals, involving such spectacular figures, are simply part of a master plan.

Stability is Rank's Object

Rank sees himself as a crusader. His object is to transform the British film business from the hit-or-miss uncertainties of the past, and make it as secure and successful as, say, the car trade. He considers it undesirable that the product and viewpoint of one country should dominate the screens of another, so he wants to take up more and more running time with British films in British theatres. He wants also to get the maximum showing for them abroad, particularly in the British Empire. Hence the long chain of Odeons he is building in Canada, the deal he has done to buy part of a big circuit in Australia, the part ownership of a group in New Zealand, and so on.

As his plans developed Rank found himself up against one obstacle bigger than all the others. The biggest and most lucrative film market of all is the United States.

That is where the profits and the stability are to be found.

Given a fair break in the American market he could afford to make big pictures, fit to be shown throughout the world. Without that American market the really expensive pictures could not hope to make a sufficient profit, or even any profit at all.

Rank has tried many ways of getting a show in America. He is part owner of a vast American film company — Universal, which makes Deanna Durbin's films. He did a deal with Selznick, who made *Gone with the Wind*. He did another deal with R.K.O. Radio, one of the top companies.

He was tied up with Fox, tied up with United Artists. Through Fox he even had a slender link with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was cordial with Paramount.

But he still could only get a trickle of business out of the United States.

Rank accepted the challenge. He ordered his top producers to concentrate on big budget films, fit to top the international market in full competition with the best Hollywood product.

Ostrer, working away at Shepherd's Bush, was not affected by the edict. Gainsborough was left alone, a law unto itself. Ostrer, incidentally, split with Rank a few months ago and has now left him, to start production for himself.

Sydney Box, who made *The Seventh Veil*, has succeeded him.

Balcon, too, was outside the order for big budget pictures. Balcon had his own company. He was and is financed by the Courtauld family. True, Balcon found the air rather chilly outside the big combines. He found it hard to sell his pictures on their merits. So he linked up with Rank by letting the big organization distribute his finished films. But Rank has no control over what he makes or how he makes it.

So the two most systematic producers in the country continued plodding away while in the West End of London Rank's chief lieutenants answered his order for top budget films.

Caesar and Cleopatra was the result. So was *Henry V*, a very fine film indeed, out of which Rank has earned much prestige abroad.

But will these four films make enough money to get back the £3,000,000 which was their approximate cost?

How can *Caesar and Cleopatra* get back £1,300,000? According to W. H. Mooring, dean of the foreign correspondents in Hollywood, *Caesar* is not likely to earn more than 3,000,000 dollars in the United States. Of that the Rank organization may not get back more than 1,000,000 dollars, which would leave the film with £1,000,000 to earn in Britain and the rest of the world before it could get its cost back.

Such figures are unofficial. Only Rank and his closest advisers know the final ones. But they are the figures experts are talking about.

And can *Caesar* earn the remaining £1,000,000? To say it could would be very, very optimistic.

Remember, when you pay 1s. 6d. for a cinema seat the Government takes 7½d. in tax. Of the remainder the distributor of the feature film gets something varying between 3d. and 5d., for he books pictures on a percentage, which usually varies from thirty to fifty. In the case of *Caesar* it would be fifty per cent.

Now from the fivepence the distributor has to deduct his advertising and overhead expenses, which are heavy, and usually amount to nearly a third of his gross takings. So this leaves less than fourpence for the producer.

If a top-line film, therefore, earns £300,000 for its distributors when it is generally released, the producer is not likely to get much more than £200,000.

So *Caesar* would have to book to about £1,500,000 in Britain before its maker could get £1,000,000 back.

Costs are the Snag

The all-time record for distributor's receipts at the British box office is held by *Gone with the Wind*, and the figure, which has never been published, is believed to be about £750,000.

A really outstanding picture has to be exceptionally lucky to do £400,000. That is regarded as the ceiling. Good British films like *The Wicked Lady* are doing business approaching that figure.

No one has yet come within sight of what *Caesar* would need to make money here!

What about the others? *Henry V* was much cheaper and did British films a lot of good.

Men of Two Worlds was adult and intelligent. It was worth making. It did quite well when it was generally released.

London Town is the sort of film which would make a lot of money—if it had not cost so much.

What is the deduction? First of all, Rank is entitled to be thanked for the way he has stabilized British production. There is not likely to be another studio slump, such as there was after the last war, and, again, in the 1930s. Rank and his producers have shown that there is big money in film making.

The warning note is in the costs. The British films which have done best are the moderate-priced ones, with their feet on the ground, telling big stories, tackling big problems.

Rank's companies are doing very well. They can afford to lose on prestige pictures, particularly if they break into the American market with them.

But Rank may yet learn that the safest picture is a film like *The Captive Heart*.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT CARS

THE BRITISH MOTOR TRADE employs about 900,000 people and uses one-sixth of our steel. Next year it hopes to make 500,000 cars, 48 per cent for export; but steel shortage may halve this total. For every car we export we have five orders.

★ ★ ★

Nine out of ten British cars are twelve horse-power or less. About two-thirds of a car's manufacturing cost is materials, and very nearly three-quarters of the cost of these is for parts supplied by specialist makers.

★ ★ ★

In 1901 William Pinkney drove from Newcastle to Sunderland in a steam car, covering twelve miles in ten days. A steam car now building starts in forty seconds, may touch 100 m.p.h., has terrific acceleration. The Junior Car Club plan to offer £1,000 as prize for the best gas-turbine (i.e. jet principle) motor car.

★ ★ ★

In U.S.A. about 200,000 cars already have the Hydramatic gear-change. The pressures of two oil columns, one controlled by the rear wheel, the other by the throttle, automatically select the correct gear at any given moment. Device costs £25 and weighs 80 lb.; about one million pounds was spent on the research.

★ ★ ★

Latest American cars have push-button system for opening windows and doors. Demonstrator in Paris accidentally pressed the button and was gently "guillotined," to delight of crowd.

★ ★ ★

By April, 1939, one million drivers had passed driving tests. About 38 per cent failed first time. More than one and a quarter million drivers now await the tests. Harrow School is including car driving in its curriculum.

★ ★ ★

Occupation staff in Germany will be able, next spring, to buy Hitler's famous *Volkswagen* (People's Car) for about £150. Petrol in Germany (for approved use only) costs 1s. 3d. a gallon.

★ ★ ★

Dictator Peron has prohibited right-hand drive in Argentina, thus excluding British designs (some of our best sports cars among them) which cannot fit the left-hand driving wheel.

★ ★ ★

British motorists pay nearly £100,000,000 a year on such things as taxation, but are so ill-served that many road signs are put up by their own organizations. In some country districts petty prosecutions of motorists are still encouraged as a source of revenue.

★ ★ ★

For five months in 1896 Alfred O. Bradley, ex-railwayman, was the only London motorist. Once he was nearly lynched by an excited crowd who wanted to throw him into the Thames.

Bradley, motoring pioneer and chauffeur to the nobility, *never owned a car in his life.*

★ ★ ★

American experts predict that atomic power will be used to make "synthetic lava"—glass-like, non-skid, non-wearing road surface, poured out from mobile plant. Light will be diffused through the whole substance and bands of different colours will direct motorists. Meanwhile, between Slough and Hammersmith there are fifteen changes of street lighting in sixteen miles.

★ ★ ★

About thirty cars a day are stolen in and around London. Until ultra-violet light is used as standard method of spotting altered licences and logbooks, thefts will continue. A hidden garage recently discovered by the police is thought to have "faked up" about one thousand stolen cars, one a day for three years.

★ ★ ★

A secret process is now used for showing up altered engine numbers; but so thorough were the crooks' methods that owners who got their cars back did not recognize them.

"FREEDOM" COMES BACK TO THIS

Woman will only be free, says Dr. Mace, when she can take her place with man in running the world—and also fulfils her nature in marriage and motherhood

by Dr. DAVID MACE

IN THE LAST THREE-QUARTERS of a century Britain has undergone two revolutions. They have been quiet affairs compared with the way they do it in Mexico, and slow and gradual compared with the titanic upheaval which changed the face of Russia almost overnight. But they have been genuine revolutions in every other respect.

They have ushered in a new order.

We know all about the first. It is socialism—the struggle of the working classes for equality of opportunity with the more privileged groups. But the other revolution goes almost unrecognized, although, in my view, it is equally significant and far-reaching in its effects. It is the feminist movement—the struggle of women for equality of opportunity with men.

We badly need a good history of this great crusade fought by women against men. It has had its great leaders, like Mary Woolstonecroft and Sylvia Pankhurst. It has had its confessors and martyrs. Above all, it has had its unnamed thousands of sturdy and determined supporters.

Most of us who are no longer young can remember at least some of the major battles in the long campaign.

Inch by inch women have battled their way into the voting list, into Parliament, into the Cabinet, into the professions, into industry. Yet for many of us it is the comparatively trivial skirmishes which we recall most vividly—the way we craned our necks to watch the phenomenon of a car with a woman driver, the confused emotions which assailed us the first time we saw a woman in public smoking a cigarette or wearing trousers.

Most Men are Shock-proof, Now

The revolution is now virtually over. A few hedgehog positions remain to be mopped up, no doubt. The more recent areas of conquest have still to be consolidated. But most of us have become quite shock-proof to the things our women friends will and will not do next. We are apparently now trembling on the brink of equal pay for equal work.

I want to say plainly that I am altogether in support of the principle behind the movement. The social and economic subjugation of one sex by the other has been, in my view, as unjust as the cultural subjugation of the coloured races by the white.

The right of women to achieve the same development of their personalities as has always been possible to men is a principle which I regard as fundamentally just, Christian and democratic. I believe there are some spheres in which women will never do as well as men. But I am equally certain that there are some things which men can never hope to do as well as women.

So far so good. Much has been gained, without question.

But there have been losses, too—and chiefly on the side of marriage and family life. I am sure they are only *temporary* losses, however, and that they can be made good if we try to understand how they come about.

There are two points at which the new freedom of women has had bad effects on family life. The first is in the altered moral standards.

Rightly or wrongly, men have always been permitted a greater degree of sexual freedom than women. When a young man "sowed his wild oats," as they used to say, all he suffered was a mild reproof and a lecture on the follies of youth. When a young woman tried to do the same thing, she brought down on her head an avalanche of moral censure.

That was clearly unjust discrimination. So the feminists said "Why shouldn't a woman be equally free to have her little sexual adventures, too, if she wants to?"

Aided by scientific contraception, this equality of sexual opportunity has become in our time an accomplished fact. But it is based on unsound reasoning.

I will concede that as a *person* the woman is in every respect the equal of the man. But in the sphere of sex the word equality is meaningless. Men and women are deeply different. They are, in fact, complementary. And in free sex relations the woman always gets the worst of it in the end—because for her, sex always has a deeper and wider significance. The man can be satisfied at a superficial level. The woman only finds deeper needs stirred in her which, for their complete fulfilment, require what marriage alone makes possible—motherhood, a home, and a secure relationship with her man.

We have not come fully to see this yet in Britain. But they have seen it in Russia. I am assured that the recent tightening up of the Soviet marriage laws has come about largely as a result of the revolt of the women, who found they were getting the worst of it every time in a society which allowed wide sexual freedom.

There are signs that this is now being perceived also in America. And in Britain, too, I am convinced, it will come home to us at last that sexual freedom destroys marriage, and that the destruction of marriage means the loss of many of the things which matter most deeply to a normal woman.

The other adverse effect of the feminist movement is that it has done much more for the single woman than for her married sister. To put this in another way, the victory which has been won has so far only enabled women to take their place alongside men *on men's terms.*

A woman can now do a man's job if she wants to. But that means she must act like a man. And often it means she must give up the fulfilments of her womanhood, because it isn't easy for her to hold her job in competition with her male colleagues and be a successful wife and mother as well. So she has often had to make the painful choice between marriage or career. Or, if she has tried to have both, she has almost inevitably found that she made a success of the one at the expense of the other.

Bad Wives, Bad Mothers

Consequently many of the "emancipated" women of today are bad wives and mothers.

This is all wrong. Women will not be free until they can take their full place with men in running the world and *at the same time* fulfil their feminine nature in marriage and motherhood.

Can this be done? I am sure it can and must be done. We must insist on three things to make it possible.

First, science must create homes which are really labour-saving, and deliver the woman for ever from domestic drudgery. This is now a practical possibility. With some help from her family, the woman of the future should be able to do all her housework in an hour or two a day.

Secondly, the work of women must be adjusted so that, if they marry and continue their careers, they can, without loss of status or income, fulfil their duty to their homes and their children. Leave with pay during maternity; crèches and nursery schools and home helps—these and other provisions, properly organized, can make this possible.

Thirdly, provision must be made to ensure that the woman who chooses to devote herself entirely to home-making is not made to suffer thereby. The wife who stays at home is in danger of becoming the unpaid drudge of the community, without social status and economically dependent on her husband.

The full value of her service to the community must be recognized. "Equal pay for equal work" must have as its corollary "Equal resources for equal family responsibilities."

All these things, I believe, can be done. By doing them we shall preserve in all respects the hard-won freedom of the modern woman, and at the same time safeguard the full security of home and family life.

There will be another article next week in this John Bull series on the Crisis in Family Life. Dr. David Mace is Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council.

"IF YOU'RE NOT WITH US . . ."

by HERBERT HODGE

I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING this week about the differences between the Communist Party and the Government. But I don't want to join in the present mud-slinging match. Calling Messrs. Attlee and Bevin "Fascists" doesn't help us to understand their policy. Nor does describing the Communist Party as "a venomous thing," after Mr. Churchill, help us to understand the motives of the British Communists.

I want to stand back from the tumult and the shouting, if I can, and do some quiet, unemotional thinking about it.

But, first, I feel I ought to make my own position clear. The keen party men among my friends are apt to denounce me for not having a sufficiently definite political standpoint. They say to me: "Are you Conservative, Communist, Labour, Liberal, or what?" And when I refuse to wear any of these labels, or to strangle myself with any particular party line, they're apt to get angry with me, and to say I'm not arguing fairly.

My Communist friends sometimes supply me with a label. During the last ten years or so, they have called me a "Trotskyist," a "doctrinaire Socialist," a "Capitalist lackey" and, of course, a "Fascist." But I don't believe they really mean anything by these names. The words are used rather like swear-words. They are "damning" words; missiles; something to throw. The choice of word depends mainly upon what particular brand of stinking fish happens to be the fashionable missile of the moment.

I don't much mind what anyone calls me, but I don't like to feel I'm arguing unfairly. And so, when keen party men tell me it's impossible to argue with a man who refuses to wear any kind of label, I sometimes call myself a "Hodgist"—and explain that my party line is: "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

This, they are apt to call tomfoolery. But I'm not so sure that it is. At all events, it's the nearest I can get to a short statement of my political ideals, and I feel it's the only solid standpoint from which I can usefully view the political scene.

Why I Support Labour

At election time, the party whose current policy seems to offer me the best chance of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is the party that gets my vote.

For some years, I've been supporting the Labour Party. Not because I think it's the perfect party, but because, however imperfect it may be, it seems the only major party which is seriously attempting to reach that ideal.

This, then, is where I stand today. Looking at the present world situation from that point of view, it seems obvious to me that, for the Communists, only one thing matters.

That one thing is Russia. For the Communists, whatever Russia does is right. Whoever criticizes or opposes Russia is wrong. There are no "ifs" and "buts" about it. You either put Russia first, or you don't. If you don't, to Communists you're the foulest animal that ever walked on two legs.

The only thing that seems to matter to Bevin, at the moment, is Britain. For him, it's obviously: "Britain First." Hence the anger of the Communists, the reproaches of some of his own Labour Party members, and, perhaps, the admiration of some Conservatives.

Admittedly Bevin isn't carrying out the ideal Socialist policy. But it seems to me he is doing the only thing a representative of Britain can do in the present situation—no matter what party he belongs to.

Underneath all the international conferences, speechmaking and diplomatic window-dressing, the hard fact remains that we are still living in a world of power-politics. For us in Britain, the main difference between the present post-war world and the old pre-war world is that Britain is no longer a Great Power.

Two Suspicious Giants

The only Great Powers, at the moment, are the U.S.A. and Russia. They stand glaring across the world at each other, like two suspicious giants—each suspecting the other of hostile intentions, and both determined to occupy the best strategic positions for what they believe to be the inevitable war.

Little Britain (little by comparison) stands between them. What ought the representative of Britain to do?

He can, of course, preach international brotherhood. But neither the Americans nor the Russians appear to have any real faith in that. He can follow in Churchill's footsteps, and throw his weight on the side of American "free democracy." But that won't prevent the next war. It will only mean that, if war breaks out, Britain will be used as an advanced European base for the American Forces attacking the Russians.

On the other hand, as a Socialist, he can back Russian Communism against American Capitalism —which, of course, is what the British Communists want him to do. But that won't stave off the next war.

Either way, it seems, we should be a battle-ground. Whichever side won, we could only lose. Britain would become another "gallant little Belgium." Canada, similarly placed between the two giants, on the other side of the world, would become another Poland. We should go down fighting gloriously, no doubt. But it isn't a prospect I look forward to.

Nor, apparently, does Ernie Bevin. He takes his stand firmly upon whatever power and prestige in world affairs Britain still possesses, and refuses to be hustled into the parlour of either giant.

This may not be international brotherhood, nor even global planning. But what else is Jack to do, if the giants won't play? The most he can do is to try to stave off the threatened fight between them as long as possible.

I believe that is what Bevin is trying to do. I think he's tackling the job as well as any man in his position could. And there's always the possibility that, if we can stave off the next war long enough, we may stave it off altogether.

★ ★ **Each week in this special feature John Bull's friendly philosopher brings a wise and witty individual approach to questions of the day**

THINKING AROUND RADIO

On a Magic Carpet

THE MOST EXCITING aspect of radio is its "magic carpet" quality. The microphone can lead us anywhere it likes—over the hills and far away, across the sea, to the other side of the world, up to the stars.

It can take us back into history and forward into the future, and, although the cinema can do as much as this, there are places we can visit by radio where no camera can go.

Into the mind of a man is one of those places. Wireless listeners are now used to hearing a character's private thoughts as they come to him and we recognize them as genuine, very different from the cumbersome "asides" of the stage.

The microphone does not stop there: it can go further into the mechanism of the mind and eavesdrop on impulses in conflict, as in the recently broadcast play, *The Careerist*. Five sides of the hero's character—power, morality, sensuality, aestheticism and crookedness—pleaded with him to take various courses of action.

Not only thoughts, but words, too, can assume personality on the wireless. They did so in *This English*, when scriptwriter Jennifer Wayne conjured up old English words, explaining their use and origins.

Again, the fantastic characters of *Danger, Men at Work* and *Itma* could not exist anywhere other than in the bewitched unreality of the ether. As long as we cannot see them, they are part of our imagination, source of our greatest pleasures. Their never-never lands would melt away if transferred to the stage or films. A film of *Itma* was once made—mistakenly, I think.

PURE radio puts over something which cannot be done through any other medium. *Transatlantic Quiz*, for instance, uses radio's power to link continents. On the other hand, documentaries are always better on the screen, where we can see what is being discussed; variety loses exactly one half its humour when we cannot see what is going on; short stories and poetry sound pleasant enough, but leave us free to read, knit or go about our tasks, activities which soon dominate the monotonous voice on the wireless.

Talks gain from the fact that the man who wrote the words is reading them to us and saves us the trouble of reading them for ourselves; but, against that, we are forced to listen to passages in which we have little interest and cannot linger over the bits we might like to study.

Music-lovers go miles to a draughty hall to listen to a concert they might have heard while staying in front of their fires at home, so something must be lost in music broadcasts as well.

No, the mere relaying of items that were not written for broadcasting or which use inadequate methods rarely captures my ear in the way the "magic carpet" use of radio does. It is only pure radio which turns the disadvantage of not being able to see as well as hear into an advantage, and makes the wireless the most enjoyable form of entertainment —and the handiest.

ELKAN ALLAN

BLUE and PINK and GOLD

by HOLLOWAY HORN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

It seemed easy to win the blue, pink and gold blonde now that Genari, the "spiv," was slain. But Roland's was not the only head she had filled with ideas

LONDON'S UNDERWORLD—as, indeed, that of every great city—flourishes in war and in war's aftermath. If proof were needed, one might instance Suzette—Toni Genari's girl—who was better fed, wore better clothes, and had better jewellery than the great majority of women.

Of course, Toni Genari was rather an acquired taste, but one cannot have everything. He was dark, with dark-brown eyes, and his detailed description can be found in the records in Great Scotland Yard, in Central Street, and in the Calle Moreno in Buenos Ayres. He was cunning and dangerous, but he had a way with women and took their tenacious loyalty for granted.

Suzette was a blonde, like all his girl friends, but their relationship had lasted for several months — had, indeed, achieved a degree of permanence.

It would be more in keeping if one could suggest a glamorous background for Suzette, but, in cold fact, she came from a very depressing London suburb. And her real name was Mabel. Her beauty was of the obvious, unmistakable kind, blue and pink and gold, as Genari liked.

They shared a vague flat in a mews, but spent most of their waking hours in the Blue Rose Club in Soho, a place, apparently, in which such flowers flourish. The club may be open to certain criticisms but it was convenient, tolerant and amusing: some of its members—to be fair—were almost respectable. It rarely closed during the worst days of the blitz and was never without reasonable supplies of drink even after the war was over.

But there is a snag in most things and at the "Blue Rose" it was the young man known as the Actor. His first name was Roland. At one time he may actually have been an actor, and he certainly talked as if he had been a successful one, but for years past he had lived on his wits with apparently more success than he had achieved on the stage or screen.

In spite of the furtiveness of his eyes, he was, superficially at least, fairly good-looking, but his appearance was not improved by the scar beneath his eye caused by Toni Genari's ring. The misunderstanding had been occasioned by Roland's interest in Suzette and it was generally held that Genari had exhibited commendable restraint in using his fist (plus, of course, the peculiar ring) instead of his knife.

Peace reigned again but Roland possessed a certain rat-like patience. He was a man of little physical courage but considerable cunning and his hatred of Genari grew until it filled his mean little soul. Particularly he hated to see him with Suzette—all blue and pink and gold—but there was just nothing he could do about it.

The evening came when Genari and his partner had a biggish job on hand. Whispers had reached Roland, and after thinking the matter over carefully, he had decided that the time had come to carry out the plan which his cunning and hatred had conceived. He had made his preparations with great care and was certain that he could pull it off.

Within ten minutes' walk of the club is a depressing cul-de-sac called Fancourt Mews where Genari kept a car. There is one lamp at the end but it is otherwise unilluminated and is rarely used after nightfall by the tradesmen who constitute the bulk of its tenants. Hitler, showing better taste than usual, blew the end of

"And to think that rats like you still live," Suzette said pugnaciously. She emptied her glass and turned away from him in spite of his protests

the place out. The resultant mess had been cleaned up and the rubble nearby provided an excellent vantage point.

At ten o'clock that evening Roland shone his torch through the grey window of Genari's garage and discovered, as he expected, that the car was out. A broken wall opposite provided him with shelter and he settled down to wait. He was wearing gloves—an obvious precaution—and he carefully kept even his cigarette stubs and spent matches as he had no desire for the police to suspect that anyone had been waiting there for Genari.

From where Roland was hidden he could see the yellow light at the entrance to Fancourt Mews and the cars that passed from time to time. It was not until nearly midnight that one turned into the mews. The headlights were switched on and the whole place was, for the moment, bright as day. The car drew up at Genari's garage, and the lights were turned off.

Roland had seen that Genari was alone, had recognized his startlingly white face. Slipping a length of lead piping from his sleeve, he crept to where Genari was unlocking the garage. The whole affair was silent. Genari slumped into inertness.

There was a small suitcase in the car which seemed comfortably heavy, and within a few seconds of the blow, Roland had disappeared into the devastation caused by Hitler's bomb. He had carefully surveyed the place and made his way without hesitation to a small turning which led him back to the town. A mile away he took a taxi to a point within walking distance of a hide-out he knew.

The contents of the case were very satisfying but he was surprised to find that most of them were identifiable.

THERE was a gold cigarette-case, for example, with initials—J.J.T.—cut into it. He was under no delusion as to what would happen to him if Genari or his friends discovered or even suspected what he had done, and the ordinary fences were out of the question. He had double-crossed too many of them.

He had an address of a man in Birmingham, however, to whom he was personally unknown and Roland knew enough about make-up to be fairly certain he would not be recognized.

The next morning he caught an early train to the midland city and found the shop. It was ostensibly that of a working jeweller but the mention of a certain name proved to be a passport to an inner room where the deal was done. With a comfortable wad of notes in his pocket, Roland made his way back to the station where he removed a most effective moustache and altered the expression of his eyes; at peace with the world, he caught a train back to London. That evening he sauntered into the "Blue Rose."

He was far too cunning to make any display of his newly-acquired wealth. Indeed, he contrived to touch the man who ran the bar for a small loan. The club seemed strangely quiet.

"You've 'eard about pore old Genari?" the barman suddenly asked.

"No."

"He's been croaked."

"What! Genari?" Roland exclaimed in genuine amazement.

"Yep. Last night. Somebody landed him a fourpenny one at the base of the skull just outside his garage. We've had the splits in and out of here all day."

"You mean he's *dead*?" Roland gasped, as the memory of Genari's white face in the car came back to him.

"Yes. They've taken Mendoza in."

"The fools! As if Mendoza would do it!"

"That's what we all say. But they were on a job together last night."

"Here, give me a whisky," Roland said a little shakily. "I don't pretend that I liked Genari but . . . they can't pin it on Mendoza."

"Inspector George is in full charge."

Roland swallowed his whisky and another. "Where's Suzette?" he asked. "Poor little devil! She was very fond of him."

"George has 'ad 'er at the Yard this afternoon."

"They'll say she did it next. What was it? A knife?"

"No. Slugged with a lead pipe. Not a finger-print, of course."

Just then Suzette came in. She was very white under her make-up—which made the blue and pink and gold seem curiously unreal.

"Have a drink, Suzette?" Roland suggested. It was the first time he had asked her to drink since Genari had left his mark on him.

"Yep. Double gin. I'm all in. They seem to think it was me did Toni in . . . damn them!" She took out a mirror from her bag and contemplated her face.

"I . . . I suppose it's no use my saying I'm sorry, Suzette?" he hazarded.

"I don't give a damn what you say."

"Sorry for you, I mean."

She glanced hardly at him. "And rats like you are still alive," she said pugnaciously, calmly emptied her glass and turned away from him.

The barman was grinning. "Bit upset," he said. "Betcha she had a bad time at the Yard."

"There's no call for her to *bite* me!" Roland protested.

"She'll come round in a day or so. Bound to be a bit nervy. It's Mendoza I'm worried about. If they find he's got the swag . . . and 'e may 'ave . . . it'll want a bit of explanation."

The club, indeed, was a depressing place that evening and Roland left earlier than usual. He dined expensively and well.

The whole affair was turning out far more satisfactorily than he had dared to hope. Murder was not a pleasant thought to a man who, at bottom, was a coward. Nor did he think of it as murder; he hadn't meant to kill Genari.

He was quite certain that he had made no mistake. The police could not associate him with Genari's death. It was an ordinary bit of lead piping and he had worn gloves the whole time he was in the mews.

There was no reason why the chap in Birmingham should squeal, no reason why he should associate the stuff with Genari at all—probably all melted down by now, anyway. It was just bad luck that Genari had died.

But that Mendoza should swing for it really amused Roland. They were the two men in London he hated most. And Suzette would come round now that Genari was out of the way. She'd have forgotten him in a week or so. Women were like that.

BUT it is always unwise to treat women as if they were all alike, and behind the blue and pink and gold that so attracted Roland was a sharp, cunning little brain. Suzette jumped to conclusions which were as likely to be right as if she had thought out things carefully.

And she hated Roland the actor. The reason for this was probably not clear to her, but it is not without interest to the psychologist.

She had spent the afternoon at Scotland Yard and it needed very little persuasion to make her talk of the rat called Roland. "He hated Genari," she told them. "And it's just the dirty, slimy thing he would do."

Of course, they understood her type at the Yard and did not attach a great deal of importance to what she said. But they kept their eyes on Roland and as the days went by discovered certain things about him. He was spending money freely, although a week or so before he had been borrowing money. And then they let Mendoza go.

Roland heard this one afternoon and decided that it might be just as well if he had a few days' holiday. Torquay, say. He was actually packing when

THE HUMAN MACHINE . . . by ROFFE THOMPSON

What's in a smile?

A QUIET, unassuming man I know had the surprise of his life the other day. He was walking down the street outwardly cheerful as usual, but thinking rather sadly that life lately had been handing him a raw deal.

It had, too, though he never said anything about it. Instead, when he saw acquaintances, he inquired after their welfare.

The surprise came when he met a man whose circumstances were in every way the exact opposite of his own—a prosperous, important, influential business man.

This man stopped him and said: "I have often wished to tell you before how much you have helped me. I know what worries you have had—illness, bad luck, the cares of dependants. Your quiet courage in facing up to it all has often made me ashamed of my own reactions and impatience under trial. I thought I'd like you to know this."

Astonishing? It shouldn't be: for of all the living creatures on this earth man is the one who can never live entirely to himself. What we are, what we say, what we do, matter supremely, not only to ourselves, but to others. It is the immutable spiritual law of our being that we are always having an influence on others.

This is an ennobling thought. It shows that we each matter in the scheme of things.

So be cheerful—and the next man you meet will feel cheerful because you feel so yourself. Be optimistic—and those you meet will warm their hearts at your fire.

by IAN FOX

Very Important Fox

I HAD TO TAKE a long train journey recently. Although the railways keep boasting about the extra trains they are running, they don't seem to put them on any route I want to use.

Then I suddenly thought of all those actors and actresses, and wives and children, and men who export refrigerators to the Eskimos who get themselves classed as Very Important Persons.

Once you're a V.I.P. you get extra top priority everywhere. So, I thought, I'm going to become a V.I.P. for this journey. I decided to get the editor to arrange it. I went to see him and told him—well, asked him—to inform the railway company that I was a V.I.P.

He looked at me. "Don't make me laugh," he said.

"I won't," I said.

"You'd better," he said, glancing at the manuscript of "With My Feet Up."

★ ★ ★

That having failed, I went to the station where I hoped to impress the stationmaster.

"I want a seat," I said.

"So do hundreds of others," he answered, absent-mindedly cancelling the 4.14 from Upp Hill to Lower Down.

"But I'm a V.I.P.," I said.

"Now isn't that nice," he said. "What would you like—a special train?"

"Now listen," I said, getting tough. "I'd have you know I'm a Very Important Fox."

"Yoicks! Tally-ho!" he said. "And I'm a Very Important Hound. Get out before I pull the communication cord."

★ ★ ★

I decided then that the only thing to do was to enlist Government aid. I got an introduction to a man in one of the Ministries and thought out a good line of approach. "I'm connected with the export drive," I said. "I want to export articles."

"Articles?" he said. "What sort of articles?"

"I mean my work, my writings. Words."

"Words?" he said. "I don't think we have any forms for the export of words." He pulled thoughtfully at his lip. "Just a minute, though. If you took the words in your articles and arranged them in alphabetical order, we might classify them as dictionaries under Sub-section Q/354/79b."

★ ★ ★

"Will that make me a V.I.P.?" I asked.

"Ah, I can't promise that. The Minister is very strict, you know. But fill in this form and post it to us with a doctor's certificate, a letter from a clergyman or schoolmaster, and a testimonial from your butcher."

Two weeks later I received a reply which read: "In *re* yours of 25th *ultimo*, I beg to advise that your esteemed communication fails to make clear whether your complaint to the Officer in Charge of Pests intimates that you have beetles in your basement or bats in your belfry. . . ."

Anyway, I took that train journey and got a nice seat in the corridor as usual.

Chief Inspector Murchison arrived and took him to the Yard.

The chief was evidently waiting for them and they went up at once.

"Sit down," he said pleasantly.

"Now . . . tell me where you were on the night of the eighth of this month—last Wednesday week."

"In bed," said Roland.

"What time did you get in?"

"Round about eleven — my usual time."

"I see. Did you go to Birmingham the following day?"

"No."

"What are you doing for a living?"

Roland shrugged his shoulders. "Film work when I can get it. Gambling . . . sponging . . . how I can."

"In funds lately?"

"No."

"Where did you dine last night?"

"Look here!" protested Roland. "Am I under arrest?"

"If necessary. Where did you dine last night?"

Roland told him. There was no point in lying. They evidently knew.

"So you are in funds?"

"I've made a bit from the bookies."

"Which bookies?"

"I don't know the names. Street bookies."

"Bring in Mr. Tace," the chief said, and to Roland's momentary consternation, they brought in the little Birmingham jeweller.

"Is this the man you spoke about?" the chief asked.

TACE looked at the actor. "I'm . . . I'm not sure. I . . . I don't think so. The chap had a moustache. He's the same build. I don't think so."

"Then if you've nothing more to ask me I'll go," said Roland, jauntily. "It's been jolly meeting you, chief!"

"Just a moment," said the chief, for Tace was still looking at Roland. "Yes. That's the man," he said, unsteadily.

"Why have you changed your mind?"

"That scar under his eye. I remember it."

Instinctively Roland's hand went to the scar that Genari's ring had made.

"You're positive?" the chief asked.

"Yes."

"Then I shall arrest you," the chief went on, turning to Roland, "for the murder of John Jonas Trevor on the evening of the eighth instant, and it is my duty to warn you . . ."

"But I never set eyes on the man. I never even heard of him," Roland cried.

"Yet you sold Tace certain articles, including a gold cigarette case, bearing his initials, which I have here."

"I'm saying nothing," said Roland.

"Perhaps it is as well."

"Look here. I got that stuff from a chap I know. It was a commission job."

"What chap?"

"I'm not a squealer."

"No, but it may be his life or yours. The deceased was savagely attacked when he was robbed and has since died. You will be well advised to inform us where you obtained these articles. Tace's premises were raided in connection with another matter but these things were found. You admit selling them to him. From whom did you obtain them?"

There was a silence in that grim office.

"I'm saying nothing," Roland snarled. "Who put you on to me?"

The chief was watching him closely. "It might help you if you were to tell us the truth," he said slowly. "But I'm inclined to doubt it."

"Who put you on to me?" Roland demanded again. His face was flushed.

"A little bird," the chief said, for he was not without humour.

Roland's jaw dropped. A little bird . . . blue and pink and gold. . . .

"Take him away," the chief concluded.

THE BOXER WHO HAD A PLAN

It takes a good boxer to stick to his plan when things get tough. Whatever the opposition, Vince Hawkins keeps to his ring strategy

★ VINCE HAWKINS'S CAPTURE of the British middleweight title from Ernie Roderick threw open a large gate through which British boxing can march with a firm tread; not immediately, but in the very near future.

Marcel Cerdan, the French champion who has been smiting them all on the whiskers, has gone to the United States to clean up existing opposition there, and it is more than on the cards that within the next few months he will be summoned back by the newly-formed European Boxing Association—of which the British Boxing Board of Control is a member—to defend his European title against none other than our Mr. Hawkins.

Now, if you were to ask us to make a bet at this moment on a quick encounter between Cerdan and Hawkins, we fear that the odds would be heavily on Cerdan, who has colour, speed, punching ability and practically all that it takes. Whether he will bring these faculties back from the United States is another matter.

There he will meet a galaxy of middleweight talent the like of which has not been seen since the class loomed large in British boxing, bolstered as it was by such names as Len Harvey, Jock McAvoy, Jack Casey, Jack Hood, Steve McCall, Frank Moody and Alex Ireland.

★ **Big Fights Ahead**

He will find, lined up on the pier to greet him, Tony Zale, the current world champion at 11 st. 6 lb., and such other performers in the first grade as George Abrahams, Jake Lamotta, Holman Williams, whom he outpointed, to the general surprise, in Paris last July, and Kid Tunero, the Cuban who battles profitably in the U.S.

This formidable selection is likely to prove a considerable drain on Monsieur Cerdan's nervous and physical resources, and by the time he is requested to set his European house in order by meeting Hawkins, there is no saying but that Mr. Hawkins will be ready for him.

Vince travels to Paris in about a couple of weeks to meet the second-best Frenchman to Marcel, whoever that turns out to be (the French having the faculty of changing their favourites and second-favourites overnight), and there is money in this country to say that he will be successful. If he can have two or three successful fights against good opponents before the return of Marcel, there is no reason why he shouldn't move up from an odds-against to an odds-on chance.

Which brings us to the point of appraising Vince's victory over Roderick at the Albert Hall recently. Immediately after the fight, we found ourselves in the vast minority of precisely one in the view that it had been a good fight. Majority opinion was that Hawkins was a willing tough boy kidded out of a knock-out victory by a wise old one.

Vince Hawkins's "battle plan" won him the Lonsdale belt. Will it bring knock-out victory next time?

Up to a point, we subscribe to this view but, make no mistake, Hawkins did all he wanted to in beating Roderick. With his manager, George Simpson, his trainer, Nat Sellar, and his own counsel, he worked it out that his strength was enough to wear down the veteran. All he had to do was to keep out of the way of Roderick's right hand in the early rounds and then, having quenched the burning spirit of the old master, keep boxing him in the later rounds so that he should never have a chance to recoup with a damaging punch.

This he did, superbly. Nobody pretends—least of all Hawkins—that he could or can match the boxing technique of Roderick, and particularly a Roderick inspired by that master-tactician, Nel Tarleton. The fact that Nel was sick with pleurisy on the night of the fight made no great difference to Roderick. The Tarleton technique was there.

Held His Horses

It is a fact that Hawkins, having punched Roderick on to the ropes, didn't quite know what to do with him once he had him there.

Nevertheless, it is my contention that he had the intelligence to work out a plan of campaign and then stick to it in spite of all that the wily old campaigner could do to entice him away from it. He swapped punches when it was time to swap punches and held his horses when he should. He punched hard enough to have Roderick groggy and when he has learned through experience to get the whole of his fine bulk behind his blows he will punch hard enough to put such as Roderick out for the count.

What he lacked, really, was that extra fire in the punch and that knowledge that lets a fighter know when his man is no longer a danger to him. These he will acquire in a few more fights.

He could have cut loose three or four times when he had Roderick on the ropes, but that was not the plan. The plan was to hit him hard and then get back in the middle of the ring and let Roderick come to him again. He stuck to this plan, and he deserves a great deal more credit for doing so than he did, in fact, receive.

Vince Hawkins, as he stands, does not measure up to the great ones he succeeds, like Harvey and McAvoy, but he is as good as the quality of present-day middleweights will allow him to be. And he *has* ring strategy. He is a worthy holder of the Lonsdale Belt.

★ by JOHN MACADAM

Mum says:

SOAP COUPONS are sure HEALTH COUPONS when you buy LIFEBUOY

Lifebuoy guards health in the home. It removes infection risks by washing away the germs in dirt. It adds health protection to your soap ration.

L 449-943

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

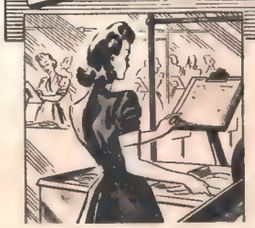
TWELVE LIL-LETS *go into your Handbag!*

A carton of 12 Lil-lets takes no more space than a cigarette case. It contains four 'three-somes' in transparent film. Lil-lets are worn internally. No odour! Doctors approve their construction and use. Lil-lets are wonderfully absorbent, invisible, comfortable; *they cannot chafe.* Young girls should ask a doctor before using internal sanitary protection. Carton of 12 Lil-lets —1/9d. at your chemist.

T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., makers of 'Elastoplast' and surgical dressing.

Lil-lets TRADE MARK

Lorna in LAUNDRYLAND



Lorna is an ex-Service girl who finds her career in laundrycraft

'I'd no idea there were so many interesting jobs in a laundry,' says Lorna. She has moved on to the Checking Department now. She checks customers' lists and sees that everything bears the customer's number. It's clean, pleasant work, and Lorna likes the friendly team of checkers in the bright, airy Checking Room. In laundrywork she's doing something of real importance for the nation's health and well-being, with first-class opportunities for advancement.

CAREERS IN LAUNDRYCRAFT

Good jobs await women and girls in this progressive and expanding industry. Come and see a laundry at work—your local laundry or Employment Exchange will help you. Or write to I.B.L. Advice Bureau, 16-17 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.

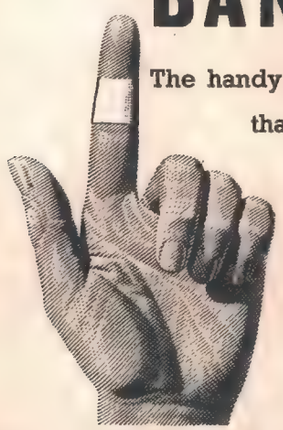
Issued by the Institution of British Launderers Ltd.

5

BAND-AID

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The handy self-fixing bandage that is **surgically safe**



People choose Band-Aid because it is made by Johnson & Johnson — famous in the hospital world for the hygienic safety of their bandages and dressings. This handy bandage *stretches* — so it stays in position even on a knuckle joint.

Made by

Johnson & Johnson

Famous for Johnson's Baby Powder, Surgical Dressings, Bandages, etc.

THE CHOICE

Empty bottles in the cupboard or full ones at the retailers — that is the simple choice. Please return all empty S.D.I. mineral and squash bottles promptly so that new supplies of soft drinks can be sent to the retailers. If all will help, all will benefit.

Issued by the Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association, Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1.

OVB-54

Penny foolish POUND WISE!

Sovereign wise, indeed, is he
Who buys himself a new K-B.
First-class value he has found
Tho' his licence cost a pound.
—In fact, the set is bound to show
The *perfect* case of "Quid pro quo."

KB RADIO & TELEVISION

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED, FOOTSCRAY, KENT

FAMEL SYRUP

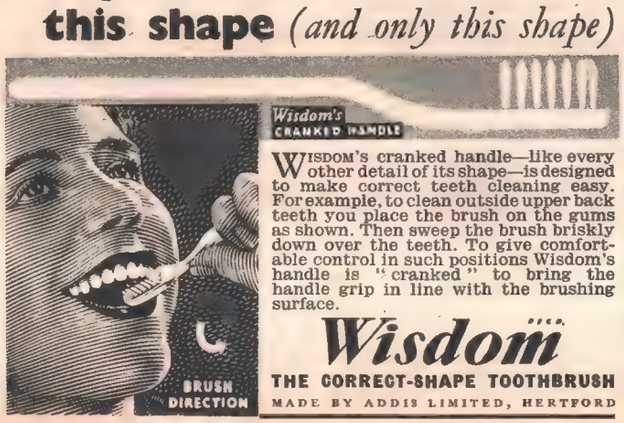
Goes to the Root of your COUGH

They make walking on wet, slippery pavements safer and far more comfortable . . .

SUSSEX SOLES & HEELS

Ask your Shoe Repairer — he is best qualified to fit SUSSEX. His advice will be to have SUSSEX fitted to new shoes from the start—because then your shoes will wear twice as long, retaining their original style and fit.

Why *Wisdom* is made this shape *(and only this shape)*



WISDOM'S cranked handle—like every other detail of its shape—is designed to make correct teeth cleaning easy. For example, to clean outside upper back teeth you place the brush on the gums as shown. Then sweep the brush briskly down over the teeth. To give comfortable control in such positions Wisdom's handle is "cranked" to bring the handle grip in line with the brushing surface.

Wisdom

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, HERTFORD

He's Been Demobbed—But

HE STILL DOES 2 MINUTES DRILL A DAY

HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL preserves a smart, youthful, well-groomed head of hair! Preparations for both men and women.

HARLENE Hair Grower and Tonic
Camomile Golden Hair Wash
Camomile Shampoo Powders
Hair Cream
Wave Setting Lotion
Golden Wave Set
CREMEX Shampoo Powders
UZON Brilliantine
ASTOL Hair Colour Restorer

From all Chemists and Stores

HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL

EDWARDS HARLENE Ltd., 55 Gough St., London, W.C.1

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

CAN WE BLAME LAW DODGERS?

LAWS WHICH THE MAJORITY of people think good and reasonable are the only laws that have a chance of becoming anything more than words. That truism has been forgotten, with the result today that public morality is cracking.

The law of the land is that thousands must now pay in tax anything from 9s. to 19s. 6d. out of every pound of their income. This goes against human nature, with the consequence that normally law-abiding citizens evade their obligations at every turn.

And the law of the land prescribes that working, eating and spending shall be rigidly controlled. People do not think they should be restricted like this after years of war, and they set about dodging the rules—with great success and no compunction.

Condemnation of the black market only exists on paper; in practice pretty well everyone buys something illegally.

I realize many post-war regulations are necessary. But I also realize the danger of not relaxing things in some way. Breaking the law is serious enough but general pride in law-breaking is disastrous.—FRANCIS WHEATEAR, 7 Burwood Place, London, W.2.

Count Your Blessings

THOSE WHO GRUMBLE about the rigid controls imposed by the Government should listen to the American commentaries on the radio sometimes.

They would soon realize that "free economy" means prices the average citizen can't pay, a hue and cry for more wages and imminent danger of inflation. I think most rational people would prefer a dull life for a year or two to another taste of dole queues and idle factories. —L. R. MARSTON, Wembley, Middlesex.

Dream Cooking

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD is a fair example of insult added to injury. It spends our money in various ways of advertising in order to reveal curious methods of cooking unobtainable foods.

We are told how to make fresh herrings taste differently. How I wish I could get one to taste at all.—A LIVERPOOL DOCTOR (who sends his name and address —"to which the Ministry of Food is welcome").

Cost of Cleanliness

WHEN MY WAR DAMAGE was repaired I went to Woolwich Town Hall to get a form for soap to clear up the mess. I had to fill up the form and then call at a depot for four ounces. It cost me sixpence in fares for twopennyworth of soap.—A. POLLOCK, 14 Birkdale Road, Abbeywood, London, S.E.2.

Cart or Horse First?

MY SON WAS DEMOBBED from the R.A.F. last March and is seeking work as a fitter. He has been up and down the Rhondda Valley and as far afield as Cardiff.

About three weeks ago he found a job in Cardiff and was told he could start right away when he had joined the Amalgamated Engineering Union. But three union secretaries say that he cannot join until he is working. So it boils down to this: he cannot start work unless he's in the union and cannot join the union unless he has started work.—T. H., 9 Oak Street, Gelli Pentre, Ystrad, Rhondda.

Jam Sessions

I SEE ONE OF THE railway companies is going to have mobile women cleaners who will join trains, tidy up and get out at a station *en route*. It will be very

"Corridors packed with brooms"

interesting to see what the women will clean. They will probably have to stand in the corridors packed immovably with their brooms and buckets among the passengers.—STRAPHANGER, West Bromwich, Staffs. (Name and address enclosed.)

Literary Licence

DURING THE WAR, a friend helped the book salvage drive with a number of volumes from his shelves. Last week he bought some secondhand books from a local stall and found one with his own initials in it. It cost him a shilling.—G. G., Liverpool 13. (Name and address enclosed.)

No Kisses Today

MY SON, AGED FOUR, usually gives me a kiss before I leave for work. The other day, after dinner, he announced: "Sorry, Daddy, no kisses today." I solemnly asked why. "It's my half-day," he told me, "so no work."—J. H., Bath. (Name and address enclosed.)

Prefers Geese

WHY DO NOT SMALLHOLDERS and farmers rear geese instead of turkeys? Geese are much cheaper to keep. They are so fatty (30 per cent fat) that they can be cooked economically and their feathers are valuable.—MRS. A. H., Westmoreland Street, Glasgow, 5.

Gifts Go Astray

GIFTS OF FOODSTUFFS and fruit sent to this country by the women of Australia are getting into all sorts of queer places. Few of the authorities to whom distribution has been entrusted seem to take sufficient pains to see that the gifts reach the people for whom they were intended.

Often the food is given as prizes in whist drives. Surely this is all wrong.—WILLIAM CORAH, 6 Holly Bank, Hugglescote, Coalville, Leicestershire.

Brutish?

ANOTHER SHIPLOAD of wild animals for the Zoo . . . I wonder how many people felt as miserable as I did when I read about these poor creatures. I know all the excuses about animals living longer in captivity. I just do not believe that they can be happy.

A lot is talked today about mercy and reform. We are thinking of abolishing the death penalty. I wish someone would abolish the life sentences now being served in our zoos.—MISS P. RADNEDGE, London Road, Hadleigh, Essex.

Officer Job-Hunters

IN NEARLY EVERY ISSUE of *The Times* I see applications from ex-officers who want "positions of trust" at a moderate salary of £600 a year or so. It appears that the only qualification they can offer is that they can "handle men."

Is it not about time that some of these advertisers realized that their so-called handling of men would have to differ considerably from the Army technique. Supervisory jobs in civilian life depend on a man's skill, experience and personality. —R. S. GRIMWOOD, 70 Ripon Street, Lincoln.

Bedtime Revelation

ONE OF THE MAIN LUXURIES of an Englishman's castle used to be the privacy it afforded. We are wondering if the Board of Trade could not issue a cream utility casement cloth, at a reason-

"Pyjamas not for show"

able cost and coupon free, in order to help us retain our decency.

We can never be sure that passers-by do not have the illuminating spectacle of us hopping into bed, and when we dismantle our present curtains this time they will have to go into the rag bag.

What makes things worse is that our sleeping apparel, after six years of make do and mend, is not suited to public exhibition.—K. K., South Shields. (Name and address enclosed.)

Front-row Forwards

A FEW DAYS AGO I had the rare experience of being in a bus queue where nobody tried to cheat. The bus arrived and it was not until we had all got quietly in that I realised it had been an all-man queue. What a fine rugger team could be picked from bus queues if one kept an eye on the champion seat snatchers.—B. H., London, S.W.16. (Name and address enclosed.)

"L" Let Loose

THE NEW Driving Licences Bill presented to Parliament exempts from a test those who have had a provisional licence for the last twelve months.

Upon reading this, a girl in my office said: "Oh, good. That lets me out. I

"Something tells me Miss Clancy has uncovered another

Jet-propelled to a fortune!

"THE PLANE WAS TRAVELLING FASTER THAN SOUND. As soon as I read those words in a newspaper, the thought flashed into my mind that perhaps the world is travelling faster than the light of wisdom."

That was how, in three minutes, foreman-carpenter B. C. Anderson, 6 Gurney Road, Northolt, made the *Bullet* that won him £1,000 First Prize in our 1,550th contest. His was the neat and thoughtful effort, THE TROUBLE TODAY—INVENTIONS OUTSTRIPPING "*LIGHT*," TOO!

Now turn *your* thoughts to those *Examples* on this page. In the next half hour, you may well put together an effort that will win you one of this week's many big cheques, with a 12-lb. bird for your Christmas dinner.

HOW TO WIN £500 and CHRISTMAS BIRD

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

THE WORLD'S RECORD
PROSPEROUS FUTURE
DEMOCRACY'S SHIP
THE OLIVE-BRANCH
GOOD AND BAD
CHRISTMAS PROBLEM
IN THIS AGE OF MARVELS
WORDY WARFARE
ENCOURAGING
WALL OF IGNORANCE
BIT OF A SNAG
MORE BABIES
TO GET RECRUITS
BY HOOK OR BY CROOK
CHANCE TO SHINE
PUBLIC NUISANCE
SHE'S THE BOSS, SO
SANDY'S SUIT
TAKING IT EASY
AT AUNTIE'S BAZAAR

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

ENGLISHMAN'S.....
TASTE OF.....
TO.....HORROR
COMMON.....
.....HOPE
WHEN EVERYBODY'S.....

£500
"BULLETS"
1st PRIZE
Followed by
£50, £25
10 of £10
(All prizes above with 12lb Christmas Bird—Turkey or Goose as available)

100 XMAS HAMPERS
(Each containing Fowl, Plum Pudding, Cigarettes, etc. etc.)

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 Christmas Fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Nov. 25.

Across Clues.

1. Isn't likely to prove unexpected barrier to troops
2. Even the poorest man's life is redeemed by generous ones
4. Is usually easy to draw out
5. Some prisoners of war worked like these
6. You may be tempted to sail into one
7. This is almost always split
9. Total wrecking of ship means
11. The climax of a political struggle sometimes leads to
13. Gives you something to put in your pipe and smoke

Down Clues.

1. First impression of this is apt to be a poor one
3. Boy who hits one has nothing to boast about
7. Good housekeeper should keep this
8. Honesty doesn't usually flower in
10. Some poor kiddies can't look forward to this at Xmas
12. Is commonly chipped

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,556 (or Xword 508), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,552

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000
plus MILLIONAIRE'S WEEKEND

Mrs. E. Duckham, 84 Colston Street, Bristol 1:

LITTLE THINGS—OCEANS BECOMING —FRONTIERS AREN'T!

SECOND PRIZE, £100: A. E. Jones, Windyridge, Forest Hill, Oxford:
Hand In Hand—In Adversity—*In Luck*!

THIRD PRIZE, £50: G. Kilgour, 30 Heworth Hall Drive, York.
If Dad Had A Pub—The "George And *Mother-in-law*"?

FOURTH PRIZE, £25: F. Webster, 28 Brassington Road, Heaton Mersey, Stockport.
When The Stork Came—"Date? Name? Sex? *Union?*"

10 PRIZES OF £10:

A. R. Amos, 4 Arundel Street, Nottingham. **Peep Into Utopia—And *Baby's* Future, Exhibition!**

A. Blagbrough, 37 Broadway, Chester-le-Street. **What With Wife And—Kids—But What Without?**

Mrs. J. Green, 1 Locarno Place, Hewbiggin-by-Sea. **Thing Called Love — Eating Sonny—"Eat, Son!"**

W. S. Howe, 179 Fairmile Road, Christchurch. **Nasty Jolt—Usually *Repairs* Britain's "Springs."**

R. McCulloch, 63 Whitehurst, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire. **Labour's Programme—Shows People—"Show's" People's.**

S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff. **On The Coal Front — Extra "Tommy's" Worth Battalions.**

E. J. Teece, 30 Birch Lane, Brereton, Rugeley. **Brave Man—Bevin, Braving Opposition's "Bravo!"**

L. Whalen, 98 Conway Road, Southgate, N.14. **Colonel Blimp — Collapsed On Private's Divan!**

D. Williams, Glen View, Ogmore Vale, Bridgend. **The Doctors Touch—Grandma Tenderly—*Grandpa* Winces.**

E. J. Wood, Crianlarich, King's Road, Wallsend, Northumberland. **One In A Million—Dad's System? Dad's Chance!**

20 prizes of £5; 50 of £1; 500 of 2s. 6d., and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

XWORD 504 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Bread, 7, Gun. 8, Lack. 13, Solo. 14, Toil. 15, Forms. DOWN: 1, Trill. 3, Die. 4, Bach. 5, Pocket. 6, Gull. 9, Smoker. 10, Tone. 11, Books. 12, Tent.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs E. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants.; Mrs. D. Hilton, 155 Bispham Road, Blackpool N.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 27 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain-pens in addition.

£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1	F	O	R			2	A		M	3	S			
4	O	R	E		A	S		D	I					
	R		5	M		L	E	S						
		E		6	B	I	G		T					
7	P	E			8		Z			E				
			9	A	L	E		H	R					
A	U	F		S	A	R	10	S	E					
11	C	R	I		E	S				12				
E	N	S				S	T	O	I	C				
	13	S	H	A				W	E	E				

Entry-fee: Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

NOTE.—Pencilled entries NOT accepted for Crosswords—allowed in *Bullets*.

508 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 25.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

WE MUST SETTLE THE POLES

Continued from page 11

clearing war works around the coast—are temporary and manual. In any case British Labour would prefer to see them on a civilian status, being paid the rate for the job.

Secondly, Polish soldiers who are already skilled are to be drafted into a reserve and employed through the Ministry of Labour. A careful watch will be made to prevent any one industry recruiting excessive numbers. And the Poles can only accept such employment if the job carries the same wage and conditions as those offered Britons.

The first releases will naturally be given to the many thousands of skilled bricklayers, miners, engineers and agricultural workers, which we desperately need. Once again the Government intends to disperse them and prevent "Little Polands" being grafted on to our towns.

Obviously a prime essential is to teach them the English language and the English way of living. A start has already been made in this.

From their side the Poles are offering skill and hard work when we need it most. The Trades Union Congress is safeguarding fully the rights of the British workman. The Poles have agreed to accept the rules and responsibilities of the British Labour movement. If employers tend to break these rules by taking on Polish workers at cheap rates, then the unions will take action.

Several skilled and professional Poles have already gone through the resettlement corps and got good jobs. I talked to one of them who has been working for a few months in an engineering trade. He was only just getting over a sense of isolation and strangeness.

At first he felt he had taken someone else's job and the workpeople made it clear that they thought so, too.

Now "One of the Lads"

As his work gradually became appreciated, so the workpeople warmed towards him. He refused to be dragged into political discussions. By a gentle modesty and good work he has become accepted.

This is one of the successes, but there will be misfits and it will need patience from both sides if these men and women are to live among us.

Now this two-fold plan is all very well—but it's so slow. Two years is the period spoken of before the resettlement has been achieved. It is quite conceivable that before that time there will have been open clashes with British workers.

Idling among us, then, is an ex-army of miners, builders and skilled men who can neither be soldiers nor workers until this elaborate scheme gets into action.

The possible solution came to me from the Poles themselves.

They admit the excellent arrangements and attention given to them by the War Office. But they want to "get shook of the War Office." They say it is up to the civil authorities involved to take them over quickly as a whole, direct them to work and satisfy the country that Polish workmen can help in rebuilding Britain without threatening our own workmen.

We have to face the fact that by Government sanction they are among us and the more quickly they are dispersed, settled in industry and living as civilians, the better it will be for all concerned.

To keep these men segregated in idleness in army camps is not only inhuman but it is also foolishness.

With some reason, the Poles point to 60,000 wounded men still in hospitals in this country. These casualties, they say, should be the passport to our goodwill.

The British Empire is surely a big enough place to absorb 200,000 men who fought with us and now ask if they can be given the chance to work with us.

Lustrous Hair Beauty!

THE Evan Williams Shampoo is unique . . . the refreshing lather that removes all imperfections and leaves the hair a sparkling mass of soft natural loveliness, owes its perfection to the oriental secrets incorporated in its blending. There is no other shampoo *quite* like . . .

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

6d. INCL. TAX

'MILK'

isn't enough

Baby food—the right baby food—is much more than just "milk in a bottle." It is a balanced food prepared with scrupulous care to suit baby's tender digestion and satisfy his growing needs. In his very earliest days Baby does best on a "modified" food. So there is Ostermilk No. 1 for the first 3 or 4 months—and then, for his growing needs, the richer full-cream strength of Ostermilk No. 2. *Both have always contained added vitamin D.*

OSTERMILK

No. 1 from birth.
No. 2 from 3 or 4 months.

Send 3d. for Ostermilk Baby Book, Dept. 979, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex

Feet Feel Fine in Portland

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SHOES

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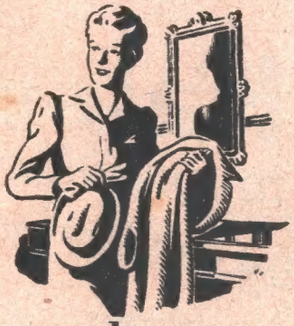
MM-MM! MUCH MORE TO MUNCH IN

Maltesers

MARS CONFECTIONS, LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



"You deserve a **WHITBREAD**"

SUPERB PALE ALE

The *new* ***two-in-one*** make-up

Rimmel

BEAUTY CAKE

Women will be thrilled with the discovery of this new exciting make-up by the world-famous Rimmel. Made by an exquisite *blending of cream and powder*, the *two-in-one* Beauty Cake gives not only sure but *lasting* complexion beauty. It is the experts' choice—and the choice of the woman who prides herself on always looking her best!

In 7 shades

SAXA best value SALT

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

MACLEANS SOLID DENTIFRICE

In tins—9d (inc. Tax)

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH—
so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

JACOB'S cream crackers

Mistaken for a flower

DUBARRY TALCUM

—imparts the fragrance of a newly-opened flower—for cool, satin-like comfort, DUBARRY TALCUM is the dainty woman's necessity. Its caressing softness is a luxurious experience—an after bath delight. From Chemists and Stores

3/6

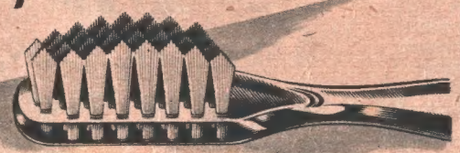
Including tax

DUBARRY PERFUMERY CO. LTD., HOVE, SUSSEX

Halex

TOOTHBRUSHES

stay springy longer



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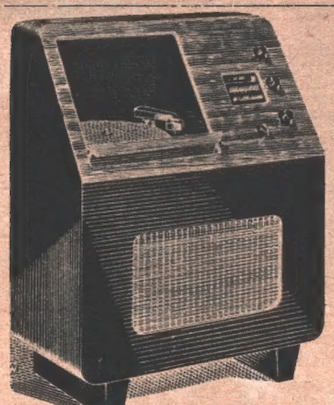

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In this little space we're not going to try to talk about our first post-war Murphy Radiogram. Our post-bag proves how many people have been waiting for it so we say—here it is. Go round as soon as you can to your Murphy Dealer and hear it for yourself.

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Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Fair Rents

"WHAT AUTHORITY is responsible for setting up a rent tribunal? Can a private person take any initiative in establishing one? Can a rent tribunal override the provisions of a tenancy agreement?"

▶▶ The Minister of Health is responsible for setting up a rent tribunal on representation by or in consultation with a local authority. A private person could apply to the Minister to investigate the need for a tribunal in the district. The rent tribunal can vary the terms of the tenancy agreement if the rent is regarded as excessive.

Still British

"A WOMAN BORN IN England emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1927 and married an Irishman born in Eire. When she returned to England later she was told she must surrender her United Kingdom passport and obtain an Irish one. Her husband subsequently became a naturalized American citizen. Does this deprive her of her British nationality?"

▶▶ The woman is still a British subject, as she does not lose her nationality on her husband's becoming an American citizen. She is entitled to a British passport.

No Trespassers

"IF THERE IS A NOTICE in a field reading 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' can the landlord prosecute if a walker does no damage?"

▶▶ You cannot be prosecuted unless you commit wilful damage, but you may be sued in a civil court for damages for trespass whether any damage has been done or not. The mere fact of walking on the land infringes the owner's rights.

Partition Problem

"MY NEIGHBOUR intends to pull down the fence separating our gardens, and to erect a wall so that he can fix a glass cover over his path. Can I compel him to leave the fence?"

▶▶ If the fence belongs to you, or is a party fence, your neighbour is not entitled to pull it down without your consent. If it belongs to him he may replace it with a wall.

Voyage for Dog

"BEFORE LONG, I hope to go to Canada and want to take my dog with me. How can I arrange this, and to whom should I apply?"

▶▶ There are no quarantine restrictions on entry into Canada from this country, but permission to take your dog on board must come from the captain of the vessel. Write your request to the shipping company.

Hire Purchase

"AT THE BEGINNING of 1939, I agreed to buy two guitars on the hire-purchase system at a cost of £8 15s. I was called up into the Forces when I had paid £4 12s. Shortly afterwards I went overseas. The firm took away both guitars in May, 1940, although the money paid was more than the value of one instrument. Were they entitled to do this?"

▶▶ As you had paid more than one-third of the price of the guitars the firm was not entitled to take possession of them without a court order. Further, by the Courts Emergency Powers Act, 1939, no remedy arising out of a contract could be enforced without first applying to court.

Exchanging Houses

"WE ARE THINKING of buying a house, already occupied, and giving the tenants notice to quit. They can have our present house as alternative accommodation, but it is a better house than the one they are in, and we want to know if we can charge a higher rent than they are now paying?"

▶▶ It will be for the court to decide whether the house you offer in exchange meets the tenants' needs and their ability to pay a higher rent.

Must Sell Land

"CAN THE EDUCATION authorities compel me to let them have a small field of mine for use as a playing-field or for erecting a canteen for a school?"

▶▶ Yes, local education authorities have power to compel you to sell the land if they require it for educational purposes.

Pays for Portrait

"LAST MAY a traveller called at my house and persuaded me to order a portrait to be painted from a photograph of my baby son. I paid a deposit of 5s. The firm is now threatening me because I refuse to pay the balance until I have seen the portrait. Must I pay?"

▶▶ You must pay at the time stated in the agreement. If no time is stated, you seem to be justified in demanding delivery before payment.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 12

CURRENT EVENTS. (1) Cockington, Devon; (2) Care of children; (3) Cupro-nickel, a mixture of copper and nickel; (4) Berlin municipal, Social Democrats; (5) Sir Alexander Cadogan, Mr. Gromyko, Mr. Stettinius.

ELECTRICITY. (1) It takes the route of least resistance to the ground; (2) 1,000; (3) They are not making contact with the earth; (4) Alternating current can be used in a transformer, unlike direct current, and can thus be stepped up for economical transmission over a distance, or stepped down for use in the home; (5) Ampères, ohms, kilowatt-hours.

MURDER. (1) Ethel le Neve; (2) They contain arsenic, which she soaked out; (3) College boys who killed a child in Chicago; (4) "Not proven"; (5) To pretend suicide; he burnt another man.

BOXING. (1) Jackie Paterson, fly-weight; (2) Five; (3) Hitting at the same time as being hit; the region between and below the ribs; (4) Heavy, Light-Heavy, Cruiser, Middle, Welter, Light, Feather, Bantam and Fly; (5) Jess Willard, Gene Tunney.

BABIES. (1) Both 100 degrees Fahrenheit; (2) Six months, nine months, ten months; (3) Six ounces; (4) Change his nappies, give him a drink of water, turn him over, tuck him up—and leave him; (5) All get one packet of dried eggs every eight weeks; those aged six months to two years get three fresh eggs a week in addition.

POETRY. (1) Robert Burns's; (2) Innisfree (W. B. Yeats); (3) The head. "It is engendered in the eyes." (Shakespeare); (4) The rolling English drunkard; (5) Alun Lewis and Sidney Keyes.

EXPLORERS. (1) Peary and Amundsen; (2) Hawaiian, Central African, Philippine Islanders; (3) Amerigo Vespucci; (4) A route across the Atlantic and Arctic Seas to the Pacific; Captain McClure, after Sir John Franklin's pioneering; (5) Columbus's, Drake's, Scott's.

PARLIAMENT. (1) The most urgent summons an M.P. can get to come and vote; (2) £1,000. £10,000, £2,000; (3) The method of curtailing a debate by fixing beforehand when the vote shall be taken on various parts of a bill; (4) At the first it is nominally introduced, at the second it is debated, at the third the sub-committee's recommendations are considered; (5) 1950.

LANGUAGE. (1) Zeugma; (2) An effect obtained by setting two words of opposite meaning together, for instance: "His honour rooted in dishonour stood and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true"; (3) A mixed metaphor; (4) A hyperbole; hyperbole is a legitimate exaggeration; (5) Anachronism.

THE STAGE. (1) Juvenile delinquency, cruelty to children, the public-school system; (2) On Fridays—it's slang meaning pay-day; (3) The side of the stage opposite the prompter; the door leading from the stage to the auditorium; canvas scenery on wooden frames; (4) Vivien Leigh in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, directed by Laurence Olivier; (5) The school attached to the Old Vic.

LANDMARKS. (1) Washington D.C. (it's the Senate); (2) Cape Town (Table Mountain); (3) Sydney (the famous bridge); (4) India (Taj Mahal); (5) Athens (the Parthenon).

"I SHALL NOT HESITATE TO TELL MY FRIENDS"

writes Mr. C. E. Longden of Brighouse, Yorks., in thanking John Bull for cheque received under John Bull's free insurance following a burglary at his home.

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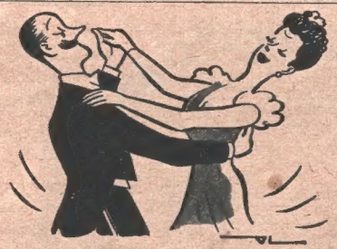

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